THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1896.

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*** *The Special Supplement of* THE SPEAKER, *with reviews of Christmas Literature, etc. etc., will be published on November 28th. Advertisements for this number should reach the Manager, 115, Fleet Street, E.C., by November 25th.*

THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: AT HOME.

THE political interest of the week has necessarily centred on the great contest in America. With the result of that contest we deal elsewhere; here, however, we may note the fact that for once public opinion in this country has been thoroughly aroused on a question affecting primarily the domestic politics of the United States, and there has been almost as keen an anxiety with regard to the Presidential contest as though it had been a general election in the United Kingdom that was going on. All well-informed persons were satisfied beforehand that Mr. McKinley must be returned, and there was, consequently, no surprise in England when the news was made known on Wednesday. The immediate effect was a marked rise in American securities and a sudden revival of confidence in the financial and commercial future of the world.

BEFORE leaving the British aspect of the Presidential election, we may point out one fact which ought to be of interest in this country. The first vote in the election was not cast until early on Tuesday morning, and by midnight on the same day the American people knew that Mr. McKinley had triumphed. Those who voted were to be counted by the million, and they were scattered over an area measuring thousands of miles from north to south and from east to west; and yet within twenty-four hours the verdict of this vast constituency had been not only recorded but ascertained. In England, under similar circumstances, weeks would have been spent in the process of polling the nation, and during the whole of that period the avenues of waste, corruption, and intimidation would have been open. It is well that Englishmen should contrast their bungling and inefficient system of election with that which prevails not only in America but in every other civilised country in the world.

THE election of the Lord Rector of Glasgow University took place on Saturday last. The candidates were Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Augustine Birrell. So strongly was it believed, even in Liberal circles, that it was hopeless to oppose Mr. Chamberlain, that for a long time after his nomination no attempt was made to put forward a Liberal candidate, yet in the election Mr. Birrell polled 517 votes against 751 recorded for his formidable opponent. We should have been better pleased if Mr. Birrell had been elected, but no one can doubt that, under the circumstances, the result was eminently satisfactory to the Liberal students and their distinguished representative.

THE election for East Bradford will be decided on Tuesday next. The candidates in the field are Mr. Billson, Liberal; Captain Greville, Conservative; and Mr. Keir Hardie, Independent Labour. Though there are signs of defective organisation on the part of the Liberals, the spirit which is being shown in the contest is such that, if the struggle were simply between Liberal and Conservative, the seat would almost certainly be won back from the latter. But Mr. Keir Hardie, according to his wont, is ostentatiously posing as the opponent of the Liberal candidate and the Liberal party, and is really playing the part of jackal to Captain Greville. This undoubtedly complicates the situation, though it is difficult to believe that the sturdy Radicals of Bradford are likely to allow themselves to be led away by the transparent farce of Mr. Keir Hardie's candidature.

THE English Municipal elections on Monday afforded distinct proof of the turn of public opinion in favour of the Liberal party in the great provincial towns. The net gain of seats by the Liberals was much greater than that of the Conservatives, and the Labour party, as usual, came off badly at the polls. There was only one place where anything very striking happened. That was Leeds, where the Liberal party gained no fewer than five seats formerly held by their opponents. This is the more remarkable, inasmuch as before last Monday the Tory party had been steadily gaining ground in the city at Municipal elections. Twelve months ago, for the first time for half a century, the Tories secured a majority in the Leeds Town Council. A single year's experience of Tory administration has sufficed to bring about this remarkable change of the tide, and to transfer five Tory seats to the keeping of Liberals. Stronger proof of the vitality of Liberalism and the Liberal party could hardly be desired.

THE vacancies on the bench of bishops occasioned by the promotion of the Bishop of London to the Archbishopric of Canterbury have been filled up during the week in a manner that is eminently satisfactory not only to the great majority of Churchmen, but to the country at large. Dr. Creighton, the learned Bishop of Peterborough, has become Bishop of London, and the most important of English dioceses has thus been entrusted to the care of a man who, in addition to his exceptional intellectual fitness for the work, is in the prime of life. The vacant bishopric of Peterborough has been conferred upon Mr. Carr Glyn, the well-known vicar of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. Mr. Carr Glyn is an administrator of great ability and an ecclesiastic of moderate views, which incline to the Evangelical school. The Prime Minister in these appointments has shown a creditable desire to save the National Church from becoming the Church of any particular sect or section of its members.

WHILE the excessive demands of the Denominational educationists threaten to upset the whole of our present system of elementary education, and their deep-seated dissensions continue to obscure the prospect of any settlement, the Ministry might well turn its attention to a somewhat less contentious section of the education problem. The nation is at last awakening to the need of higher commercial as well as of technical education; and the speeches of Mr. Bryce at the Cripplegate Institute on Wednesday, and of Cardinal Vaughan and Sir Henry Roscoe at the dinner of the Article Club on the same evening, have once more emphasised that need. Cardinal Vaughan, who is more and more coming out from the position of a mere ecclesiastic to the position which a great ecclesiastic may be fairly expected to assume, gave an interesting sketch of what is being done for commercial education in some Continental countries, and spoke hopefully of English provision to the same end. But, as he pointed out, more systematisation is wanted, and perhaps better-trained teachers; and, as Mr. Bryce and Sir Henry Roscoe severally urged, good secondary education is the indispensable foundation for the superstructure. A Secondary Education Bill is one of the most urgent of our educational needs. It is true that, as Mr. Bryce pointed out, Germans beat Englishmen partly because they have the spirit of hard work which our boys have not. Possibly that is the fault of our public school system; but organised secondary education, when it comes, will mainly be an affair of day schools. The remedy, therefore, will be in the hands of parents.

AT a meeting of the Royal Academy on Wednesday evening, Mr. E. J. Poynter was elected President in place of the late Sir John Millais. The election was a close one, Mr. Poynter being chosen by nineteen votes against seventeen given in favour of Mr. Briton Rivière. Mr. Poynter is an artist of high distinction, a scholar, and—possibly a rare combination among men of his profession—an excellent man of business. The important office he holds in connection with the National Gallery has enabled him to secure an insight into official work, and what may be called the routine of high office, which must prove of great service to him in his position as President of the Royal Academy. That he cannot pretend to the predominant position of Sir John Millais as an artist, or to the special combination of gifts which made Lord Leighton so exceptional a President, will be generally acknowledged. But his selection by the Academy is honourable to that body, and bespeaks its determination to remain true to its worthiest traditions. The vacancy in the Academy caused by the death of Sir John Millais was filled up by the election of Mr. Jackson, the distinguished architect.

THE Conference of the Convocations of the two Provinces, whose deliberations as we write are still unfinished, has not done much so far to clear up the educational problems which it met to discuss. It has made a considerable concession to the Board schools, thereby adopting the first plank of the platform put forward the other day by the Liberation Society, and maintaining the relative disparity between Board and Voluntary schools which the denominationalists generally are so anxious to see disappear. The proposed Treasury grant of 6s. per head to Board and Voluntary schools alike will gratify educationists, but it will probably be resisted at the Treasury, as well as among those who put economy before efficiency: and if it is to be statutory, it will raise very pretty constitutional questions: while it is clear from the debate that it will not suffice for the needs of the Voluntary schools in the North. The further debate as to rate-aid only emphasised the divergence of views which has given so much amusement to unsympathetic Liberal spectators during the last few months. When a Cabinet Minister comes down (in his private capacity, of course) to oppose rate-aid as at present contemplated, and a Bishop threatens that the suggested strike of Nonconformists against it will be met by a strike of Churchmen, we feel that no Government is likely to enter on so thorny a path as that which the representatives of the Established Church desire it to tread. If any Government does so, the Bishop of Manchester's speech makes it clear that the only way out will be by secularising the schools altogether; and that result, with the conclusions he has brought home from Australia, he is the very last person to desire.

THE increase of sympathy and care for children in the present century might well be cited as strong evidence that morality is really progressive. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which has been holding its annual conference at Bath this week, would have been wholly impossible early in this century; had it ever been formed it would have had to deal with so many eminent officials, J.P.'s, factory owners, and clergy, that it would have been dissolved by an explosion of indignation in which misplaced quotations from the Proverbs of Solomon would have scintillated amid equally misplaced phrases as to the sanctity of the home. However, the Society now prospers—though not nearly so much as it deserves to—and has dealt in the last eight years with no less than 232,000 cases of ill-usage of various kinds. But far more should be done—the shocking mortality among illegitimate children, for instance, imperatively deserves notice—and we trust that the increasing efforts of the Society to do it will meet with adequate support.

THE unfortunate cab strike, upon the actual merits of which it is so difficult to pronounce a decided opinion, still lingers amongst us. The attempt of the cabmen to boycott the railway stations by refusing to enter upon the station premises has been abandoned in consequence of the decisions of magistrates against the cabmen. It is, however, intended to appeal against these decisions in order to obtain the judgment of the High Court upon the question. At a meeting of cabmen held on Sunday in Hyde Park it was resolved that for the present the proposed general strike should be abandoned. The men actually affected by the privilege system still remain on strike, however, but their refusal to work causes little inconvenience to the public. It is only fair to the cabmen to state that the struggle has been conducted in a very orderly manner, and that the men seem anxious at all points to keep themselves within the letter of the law.

ABROAD.

THE American Presidential election has justified the hopes entertained of the good sense and good faith of the American people. Mr. McKinley's success is not quite the "landslide" which it was assumed to be on the strength of the earlier returns, but it is unquestionably complete and decisive. No hitherto doubtful State, so far as is known at the time of writing, has been carried by the Silverites, with the possible exception of Missouri, and of that there were but scanty Republican hopes. "The Solid South is broken up"—though it must be noted that only the Border States, which either did not join the Southern Confederacy or joined it against the will of a large minority (as did Tennessee) have yet been detached from the mass. The fear of Mr. Bryan's success apparently caused a stampede of Gold Democrats to the Republican ranks, and the Gold Democratic candidates have not as yet been heard of in the returns which have crossed the Atlantic. They have the reward of a good conscience; but the number of States carried by Mr. Bryan shows how grave the situation might have been if their candidature had been taken seriously enough to destroy Mr. McKinley's absolute majority. It might have thrown the election into the House of Representatives; and in that case the votes are votes of States, and as each State counts for one, and none for more than one, they are counted, but not weighed. However, all danger, we trust, is now over; and if the Senate alone fails to become Republican, so much the better for English interests.

THE debate on the Armenian problem in the French Chamber on Wednesday is not wholly unsatisfactory, though M. Hanotaux's statement of the position is depressingly diplomatic both in matter and in tone. But public opinion in France is clearly passing ahead of the Government. The atrocities were denounced in language strong enough even for Englishmen by M. Denys Cochin, a Catholic and Conservative Republican of some eminence both inside and outside the Chamber, and still more emphatically by that fiery Catholic and friend of oppressed Christianity, the Comte de Mun. M. Jaurès, the Socialist, went yet further, and in one of the most eloquent speeches he has yet delivered—and he is probably the most eloquent speaker in the Chamber—he stigmatised the Ministry as the accomplices of the Sultan. He was, of course, compelled to withdraw his words; but his speech afforded one more proof that the Socialists—whose policy, for all its cosmopolitanism, is too often merely parochial in fact—are not backward in the cause of humanity in Armenia. Of course, there were the usual imputations against England's good faith in the matter, though M. Hubbard, who made them, seems to have met with scanty attention or response.

M. HANOTAUX'S speech, in spite of its ludicrous reference to the "English Bible Societies" as factors in the agitation, and of the familiar exaggerations it contained as to the part played by the Armenian revolutionists, seems to indicate that the Powers are going to act by-and-by, after all. The Ottoman Empire, indeed, is to be maintained for the present without formal or systematic European control; but it seems a fair inference from his speech that they are prepared, if necessary, to depose the Sultan, and so remove the great danger of the present situation. But matters are apparently at a standstill till Prince Lobanoff's successor is formally appointed; and meanwhile at any moment the crisis may come.

WHILE the French Chamber was busy with Armenia the Senate was dealing with the position in Madagascar; but it cannot be said that the debate added much to our knowledge. There were the familiar attacks (from a fervent Catholic) on the Protestant missionaries as emissaries of England; and the Colonial Minister assured the House that the anarchy was all the fault of his predecessor, and that it would now be severely repressed. In a tropical island without roads that is not an easy matter; and Madagascar may yet prove a minor Tonkin. A more significant announcement was that Madagascar would soon be organised as a province with some kind of autonomy—which presumably indicates that it is still to be administered by the native officials and not by Frenchmen in the main. But, as the native officials are believed to have fostered the recent disorders, it is difficult to see that autonomy will mend matters much.

THE French Budget this year appears to be of a prosaic character, though it is satisfactory to learn that the fresh demands of the public services have been met by fresh economies in other directions, and that there will be a surplus of some thirty millions of francs, which will be devoted to the extinction of various obligations. The reporter of the Budget Committee has incidentally ascertained the total amount of the National Debt of France. It is no less than thirty-one milliards—twelve hundred and forty millions sterling, or about £33 12s. 7d. per head of the population. The proposed reforms of taxation are omitted from the Budget, in order that it may be voted by the end of the year—a welcome innovation, if it can be secured. But they do not appear to be epoch-making; and it is semi-officially announced that the Ministry has dropped its plan of imposing a tax on income from securities, which had been vigorously condemned as a breach of faith with the holders of Government stock.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S astonishing revelations, on which we commented last week, have been followed by an equally astonishing defence, which has been met by a sharp official rebuke. The secret treaty with Russia, his organ argues, was kept secret to please that Power, and therefore its publication cannot hurt German interests. Moreover, he maintains that it was entirely compatible with the treaties constituting the Triple Alliance. Hence one theory is that he aims at getting the text of these treaties published; while another and very far-fetched explanation is that he detected an Anglophil tendency in German official circles at present, and aimed at checking it by stimulating a feeling tending to draw Germany towards Russia as England's traditional foe. If that was his aim, his appreciation of the situation at present must be very defective. Prince Bismarck's main object was, apparently, to attack "Caprivism," and depreciate his successor and his sovereign to his own advantage; but the later revelations which have been made through a Vienna paper, and involve a grave charge against the Czar Alexander II., can only have been made out of spite. His last work is a lamentable legacy to the Empire which he has made.

AS was foreseen last week, the general election in Hungary has resulted in an overwhelming Clerical defeat. The net gain of the Liberals—the Ministerial party—is now fifty-seven seats; the second ballots will probably bring it up to seventy. The Liberals had a majority before, but they are now two-thirds of the House, and the Opposition is composed of discordant and discredited groups. The Clerical-Radical-Nationalist section, led by M. Ugron, has lost its leader and has almost disappeared; the dissentient Liberal group under Count Szapáry has [ceased to exist;

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY'S Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

M. Kossuth's following suffers seriously, and Count Apponyi's more seriously still. The new Catholic People's Party seems to have made positive gains, but it only numbers about twenty. In a House of about 413, all the Clerical members put together, it is stated, will only amount to about fifty. Hungary is evidently well contented with that progress of which the Millennial Exhibition at Buda-Pesth—which has closed this week—has given so striking a proof. The Liberal triumph is marked even where there are non-Magyar nationalities, though possibly it may be well not to inquire too curiously into the details of the elections here. The result, however, is a severe blow for Clericalism, and gives good hope of a settlement of the pending financial difficulty with Austria. Unfortunately, while the junior partner in the Empire has become more Liberal, the elections to the Provincial Diets in Austria indicate an increase of Clericalism.

FOR the moment the Spanish Government believes itself to have tided over its financial difficulties. It has arranged for the issue of a new Internal 5 per cent. Loan of 400,000,000 pesetas—say, sixteen millions sterling—which is secured on the Customs revenue, and after providing for the repayment of certain pressing obligations, it will have enough left to cover the expenses of the campaign in Cuba and the Philippine Islands until the end of the year. This at least is the official view; and it is hoped to issue a new loan of forty millions sterling a little later on. Whether these hopes will be realised seems very doubtful. It is stated that the agent at Madrid of the Dominicans of Manila, who are a great power in the islands, has received information from the Archbishop of that diocese that the situation is getting worse, and that Marshal Blanco ought to be superseded. This course, it seems, has been taken, and the new Governor, General Polavieja, has left for the islands. There are reports of atrocities on both sides—including a repetition, on the part of the Manila authorities, of the episode of the Black Hole of Calcutta—which indicate that the combatants are becoming as desperate as they are in Cuba. From the latter island there is no special news, except a report (by way of Key West) that the insurgent leader Maceo is preparing to besiege Havana. But now that the American elections are over the Cuban Question can hardly fail to come to the front again in the United States.

LITERATURE, etc.

THE *Daily Chronicle* has this week published a most interesting series of articles by Dr. Nansen, describing his recent journey through the Polar Sea. The articles, which appeared in three successive issues of our contemporary, were illustrated by an excellent map. They will not, of course, compete with the volume which Dr. Nansen is now preparing for the press, and which will tell the wonderful story of the adventures of the *Fram* and her gallant crew in full detail. But the sketch published in the *Chronicle* is written in a very vivid manner, and contains matter of the greatest interest to geographers. It may be mentioned as an indication of the value of records of travels like Dr. Nansen's that it transpired in the course of a law case on Saturday that four thousand pounds had been paid by the proprietors of the *Chronicle* for these articles, and that ten thousand pounds is to be paid for the English edition of Dr. Nansen's complete work.

THE publishing season this year bids fair to be unusually prolific in works of a high class. This week has seen the publication of Mr. Rudolf Lehmann's album of portraits entitled "Men and Women of the Century." In this volume the distinguished artist gives us a number of admirable portraits, drawn from life, of the leading men and women of the Victorian era, accompanied by brief biographical notices of each. The work will unquestionably become a standard volume in its own class. Among other books of the week must be mentioned the life of that distinguished traveller, Mr. Joseph Thomson, whose premature death is so universally deplored. A new and revised edition of the "Life and Times of Sydney Smith," by Mr. Stuart Reid, has also been issued this week, and will be welcomed by all who are interested in the subject, which its author has treated in so comprehensive and satisfactory a fashion. Mr. L. F. Austin's "At Random" is another welcome volume of the week, and one that will be none the less welcome to readers of THE SPEAKER because here and there they will find in it traces of a familiar hand.

A LETTER written on October 4, 1589, by Captain Cuellar, of the Spanish Armada, to King Philip II., recounting his misadventures in Ireland and elsewhere, has been translated by Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick from the original Spanish text given in Fernandez Duro's "La Armada Invincible," and has just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews. Cuellar, who accompanied the Armada in its attempt to circumnavigate Britain and Ireland, was wrecked with many others on O'Rourke's county, and after many romantic adventures made his way to that of O'Cahan, where he found ship for Scotland. His picture of Ireland and her "savages" is extraordinary, and the whole letter, briefly referred to by Mr. Froude, is undoubtedly an extremely curious document. Among Mr. Elkin Mathews's other announcements, we are glad to notice a second edition of Mrs. Woods's "Aëromancy and other Poems," and a charming little edition of "Divine and Moral Songs for Children," by the famous Dr. Watts, pictured in colours by Mrs. Arthur Gaskin, a book whose quaint charm will recommend it even to those modern parents who do not accept the rigorous theological views of the text.—Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons announce *inter alia* a new edition, to be fully illustrated, of the late Abram Dayton's "Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York," a sufficiently picturesque subject, known to the present generation of Englishmen only through the title of a work of Washington Irving; and a third edition of Mr. "Larry" Chittenden's "Ranch Verses," with new matter and illustrations.

MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & CO. exhibit a very interesting collection of paintings and water-colours, illustrating "One Thousand Miles on the Nile," by Mr. Andrew Maccallum. The expedition to Dongola makes this exhibition timely; sometimes a cataract is reproduced, sometimes an ancient temple; the terrible sand-drifts are carefully depicted, and the mirage and other atmospheric effects faithfully given.—There is no risk of future generations being without some idea of Mr. Gladstone's personality, for even if we were left with Mr. McLure Hamilton's studies alone (the Goupil Gallery), we should have many charming representations of him in his later years—Mr. Gladstone indeed, but not the whole of him, which it would require a many-sided artist to paint; the genial recluse and student rather than the flashing, matchless rhetorician putting abuses to flight.

WE are asked to state that the Elizabethan Stage Society will play *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in the Merchant Taylors' Hall on Saturday afternoon, November 28th—the first dramatic performance given in a Company's Hall within the memory of the present generation.—Another interesting dramatic announcement is that Sir Henry Irving will give *The Bells* on Wednesday evening, November 25th, to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of its production.

OBITUARY.

CARDINAL PRINCE VON HOHENLOHE SCHILLINGFÜRST, brother of the German Chancellor, was a Bavarian nobleman, whose somewhat Liberal, or at least non-Ultramontane, proclivities kept him from that political employment which was his natural function.—The Rev. F. R. Wynn, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Killaloe, had been very popular as a preacher in Dublin, and had distinguished himself as a Professor of Pastoral Theology in the University.—M. Jean Verhas had won fame among the painters of Belgium for his pictures of children and animals. For many years he had also devoted his attention to marine painting.—Mr. Columbus Delano had been United States Secretary of the Interior under President Grant from 1870 to 1875.

ENGLAND AND THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

THE article contributed to the current number of the *Nineteenth Century* by M. de Pressensé, the distinguished foreign editor of the *Temps*, is an utterance that deserves the careful attention of those Englishmen who wish to know the truth about the position of their country in Europe. M. de Pressensé is not one of those "journalists of the boulevards" the strength of whose language is usually proportionate to the depth of their ignorance. He is a man who deservedly ranks with the first publicists of Europe, and, whether he is flattering to this country or the reverse, it cannot be denied that he writes with full knowledge as well as with a becoming sense of responsibility. At the first blush, his article in the *Nineteenth Century* will seem gratifying to English pride. It is upon the surface a clever attempt to draw Great Britain into the Franco-Russian Alliance. The fact that Europe is now divided into two great rival camps, and that all the weaker Powers must of necessity gravitate towards one or other of those camps, furnishes M. de Pressensé with a strong argument against the "splendid isolation" of England. That isolation, he says, may, perhaps, have been splendid—though he doubts this fact: but, at all events, it is no longer possible. The British policy of successive "flirtations" with different Continental Powers must come to an end. There are no longer isolated Powers with whom we can flirt. Germany, Austria, and Italy are entrenched behind the ramparts of the Triple Alliance; Russia and France are girt about by the no less formidable bulwarks of the Dual Alliance. All that remains for Great Britain, if she does not wish to be left in a position not of splendid, but of perilous, isolation, is to choose which camp she will enter. "Under which king, Bezonian? Speak or die!" This is the burden of M. de Pressensé's article, and it is one that the people of this country will do well to weigh carefully. When we come to the side-lights cast upon the main question in the course of the article, we find some statements that will doubtless appear startling to the uninformed. A great deal has been said in England of late about the desirableness of our coming to terms with Russia. Many journalists of both political parties have for years past urged that this should be the true aim of our foreign policy. Of late the same opinion has been propounded upon platforms and by the most influential politicians of the time. When the Czar was at Balmoral there was an almost universal cry for friendship with Russia, and many persons were grievously disappointed that Nicholas the Second left our shores without making any audible response to that appeal. "Hold!" says M. de Pressensé, discussing this feature of British policy; "do not flatter yourselves that you will be allowed to come to terms with Russia until you have come to terms with France. The way to the Czar's cabinet is through the ante-chamber of the French Foreign Office. Until you have paid us for the privilege, you need not hope even to be announced as being desirous of an audience of his Majesty." We do not think we have exaggerated in the least the view of the case which M. de Pressensé holds. It is, of course, expressed in very courteous language; but beneath the honeyed phrases which the French journalist uses one feels the hard substance of his real meaning. Moreover, he is quite willing to state the price which Great Britain must pay to France for the privilege of an audience from the Czar. That price can be stated in two words—Cyprus and Egypt. "Put an end to the grievances which Frenchmen have against you in connection with Cyprus and Egypt, and the old *entente cordiale* will be at once restored, and you will be allowed to make terms with Russia in that furthest East where your interests are now clashing." (We ought to remark, parenthetically, that M. de Pressensé suggests that even then our only hope of "squaring" Russia in the Far East will be by "conciliating" her in the way in which he asks us to conciliate France.)

Now, we believe that the great body of responsible Englishmen are just as anxious to see friendly relations established between France and England as M. de Pressensé himself is. We believe, further, that it is quite possible for the two nations to discuss the questions at issue between them, and the different modes by which those questions may be solved, without any loss of temper on either side. Let us see if we can meet M. de Pressensé on these equal terms. To begin with, there is the question of our isolation in Europe. We agree entirely with the French journalist in repudiating the phrase "splendid isolation." It does not fit the facts of the case. We are isolated not because we like isolation, but because our position and our interests impose it upon us. Just as nature has given us the sea for our only European boundary line, and in so doing has created an ineradicable distinction between ourselves and our neighbours, so circumstances have placed us in such a position that, except at one single point, it must always be to our interest to remain free from European alliances. Would any European alliance make our hold upon Canada, Hindostan, Australia, or South Africa more secure than it now is? We won these possessions without help from others, and we hold them by the good will of their peoples and the force which we have at our command to enable us to protect them if they should be attacked from outside. If we enter into any European alliance we not only make ourselves a party to the rivalries and jealousies of the Continental Powers, but we get rid at the same moment of our isolation and our insularity. Furthermore, when M. de Pressensé talks so eloquently of the impregnable character of the existing alliances—the Triple and the Dual—he forgets what history has taught us as to the value of all alliances between States. Perhaps if he had written after instead of before Prince Bismarck's recent revelations he would have spoken with a less assured confidence of the Medean stability even of an understanding between France and Russia. But in any case he must know that self-interest, and self-interest alone, is at the root of all these marriages between different Powers. The moment that the motive of self-interest passes away, the decree *nisi* is pronounced over the ill-assorted

pair. We do not wish to comment in any unfriendly spirit upon the tone in which M. de Pressensé deals with the relations of France towards Russia in the matter of the Dual Alliance. If the Czar has really entrusted the French Government with the key of his presence chamber, and if it is necessary that England should sue at the Quai d'Orsai before she can hope to be heard at St. Petersburg, he is right to inform us of the fact. But he must excuse us if for the present we do not feel bound to accept the assertion on his *ipse dixit*. It is more to the point, however, to come to the two questions that are really at issue—Cyprus and Egypt. So far as Cyprus is concerned, M. de Pressensé knows better than most men that there is a large party in England which ever since 1878 has regarded the occupation of that island with disfavour, and he can hardly be unaware of the fact that if Europe, approaching Great Britain in a friendly fashion, were to suggest any means—short of its return to Turkey—by which we might be relieved from the ownership of the island, there would be no real opposition here. There is, in short, no practical difficulty about Cyprus if only Europe wishes to come to terms with us.

But as all roads lead to Rome, so all diplomatic questions nowadays lead to Egypt. We are there, we admit, under very solemn and precise pledges which we cannot honourably disregard. It is in the opinion of all sensible Englishmen a great misfortune that we ever went there. This is the one point at which our natural insularity has been broken down and we have been dragged within reach of the Continental system of alliances and antagonisms. If we could get out of Egypt—get out of it honourably and worthily—every wise man in Great Britain would rejoice. But let M. de Pressensé remember for a moment certain facts which Frenchmen are too apt to forget when they talk about our position in Egypt as an international outrage. We are there alone because France at a most critical moment failed in its duty—we mean its duty to itself—and compelled England to bear by herself the weight of a costly and perilous intervention. If we are there still, it is, as M. de Pressensé is well aware, because more than one French Ministry has refused to give us any facilities for getting out, and has nipped in the bud negotiations which were meant in good faith on our side. Finally, if our continuance in Egypt is a breach of the pledges we have given to Europe, do we stand alone in the matter of broken pledges? What about Tunis? What, above all, about the fortification of Biserta? We have no wish to provoke our distinguished French colleague, but we honestly confess we should like to hear him give us an explanation on these points, especially on that which has reference to Biserta. Our own hope is that the Egyptian Question may be solved with the consent of all Europe, and solved in such a manner that the good work done by England during the last fourteen years will not be lost, whilst a new kingdom will be added to the family of nations.

THE REPUBLICAN VICTORY.

ONCE again a great people has justified the trust reposed in it by the friends of popular government and exhibited its honesty, sobriety, and common-sense. A Republican victory in the United States has, on the whole, been probable from the first, and the probabilities in its favour have been for some weeks on the increase. But the result has far surpassed not only the expectations of most of Mr. McKinley's supporters, but even the predictions of the Republican managers. Briefly, it may be said that that party has carried every State that was ever in the least degree doubtful, with the solitary exception of Missouri. It has even—for the first time since the War—conquered that stronghold of all that is the despair of the friends of popular government, the city of New York. Moreover, it has not merely won, but won by great popular majorities, and even reduced the adverse majorities in some States that were hopelessly Silverite. We predicted some months ago that full and free discussion would do much to remove the Silverite illusion. It has defeated its influence and gone far to dissipate it. And so popular government is justified once more. Doubtless the means employed have not all been above reproach, and the amount of the McKinley campaign fund and the use made of it are very unpleasant features in the history of the election. Happily the Republican vote has been so decisive that these influences would fail to account for the result. The masses in all but the most backward States have grasped the issue and averted the danger.

Of course, too, the satisfaction felt at the result is not altogether unalloyed otherwise. Barring, of course, a few merely burlesque candidatures in the past, such as those of Antimasons, Prohibitionists, and feminine champions of their sex, Mr. McKinley is, perhaps, the least promising Presidential candidate in the history of the United States, except his late opponent. He is very much of an "average man"; his economic views are as befogged as if he were one of our own Fair Traders; his attitude on the Currency Question is only the production of circumstances—and of the Republican managers. Herr Barth tells the world this month in *Cosmopolis* that he himself has heard the future President in successive sentences denounce the high prices produced by increasing the currency and extol the high prices produced by a high tariff. But Mr. McKinley is not a Premier, still less a Dictator, as a good deal of the language used this week in English papers would lead a careless reader to believe. The question now is not what he will do, but what the Republican party will do; and that depends not only on the composition of Congress, but on a good many circumstances besides his own command of economic theory. The composition of Congress, as we write, is still uncertain. The Republicans control the House; but the Senate changes slowly, and the hoped-for change from a Democratic to a Republican majority is not yet assured by the returns. Should the Senate remain Democratic, the tariff and the currency will probably in the end be left untouched.

The outlook is, no doubt, to some extent disquieting still. We do not believe, as to the near future, in the probability of secession. The forces of disorder typified by Governor Altgeld are definitely defeated, even in Chicago; and secession, even were it successful, would obviously make the seceding States financially worse off than ever. They might, indeed, have Free Trade, but they would be unable to obtain capital except at ruinous rates, and they could not sell their products, except cotton, to the East, which would hasten to protect its own agricultural interests. But there is the fact that Mr. McKinley is the creature of the monopolists to whose action the strength of the feeling among Mr. Bryan's supporters is very largely due. Will they not want payment for their services and their outlay in the form of a high tariff and resistance to any legislation directed against them? As to the latter point, it may be answered that anti-monopolist legislation is an affair of the separate States, and it is by the State

Legislatures that the monopolists must be combated, so far as they can be combated at all. It is those Legislatures, too, that must redress the terrible social grievances which, as was shown last week in our columns, have been growing up under the American system of individualism and *laissez-faire* which only the last few years have seen any attempts to touch. The tariff problem, we confess, causes less disquiet to us than to some of our contemporaries. Nothing can be done before next summer, and the last experience of tariff legislation does not favour the belief that much will be effected in the end. To alter the tariff is to set all the protected interests quarrelling, and to alienate the masses in the vain endeavour to satisfy each section of their employers. Besides, a very considerable section of Mr. McKinley's supporters in the East are sound Money Democrats and Free Traders who, to save the national credit, sank all their opinions but one. Now that the danger is past, they will be heard of again, if tariff legislation is oppressive, at the next election.

Of course, there are other dangers in the future. Mr. Bryan was hardly a genuine Bimetallist; but the Republican party are in theory Bimetallists, and only at present devoted to sound money through the force of circumstances; and we have yet to learn how far the Western Congressmen are tinged with those currency heresies which, in one form or another, have always been potent in agricultural America. The House is decidedly Republican; but the very collapse of the Silverite forces, which have driven many Western men, including the new President, into the cause of sound money in spite of themselves, may facilitate a partial reversion to their earlier faith. But here nothing can be done without international action, and that is at present out of the question.

It seems certain, too, that high office is reserved for the Jingo Senator Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, to whom as much as to any one man the sound money plank in the Republican platform is due. If that is so, the relations of the Republic with us may prove embittered again—unless the Cuban Question should intervene. But the immediate danger has been averted by the good sense of the American people. We trusted to it before, and we are not disappointed. Surely we may trust to it again?

THE EDUCATION MUDDLE.

THE meeting at the Church House on Thursday, with its demand for "rate aid," and its other impracticable proposals, has gone far to ensure for the next Education Bill the same fate which attended the last. During the debates on the Education Bill in 1870 the late Mr. Fawcett protested, in his vigorous way, against degrading a great national issue into a "sectarian squabble." The controversy so recklessly and wantonly raised by the present Government has now sunk to the dimensions of a clerical scramble. Never was it more essential to point out, and to insist, that "the Church" is not represented by the Church party, or Black Brigade. Liberal Churchmen, who, if not a majority, are a very large and influential minority among the lay members of the Church of England, are perfectly satisfied with the Board schools, and have not the slightest desire to interfere with them in any way. They recognise that, as the late Primate said, these schools give sound religious as well as excellent secular education, and they acknowledge that the Act of 1870 provides all reasonable safeguards for the schools of the Church. But even the Tory parsons and the ecclesiastical laymen who have been justly rebuked by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach for presuming to speak in the name and with the authority of the Establishment cannot yet agree among themselves. Indeed, they are quarrelling so energetically and so bitterly that they have almost forgotten how to denounce those wicked Liberals who refuse to regard Christian as synonymous with denominational. We warned the Government when they took this matter up at the beginning of the year that for one difficulty they removed they would create a hundred which were irremovable. Their first Education Bill foundered in Committee before the first clause was put from the chair. Luckily for them that it did. For the longer they had gone on with it the worse it would have fared, and it was so crammed with absurdities that it never could have passed. Now they are beginning all over again, and they find themselves confronted at the outset with a dispute which is practically insoluble. A comical attempt has indeed been made to solve it by the able and indefatigable prelate who has reached the top of his profession by what Castlereagh called turning his back upon himself. The present Bishop of London and future Archbishop of Canterbury calmly suggests that as some want assistance for their schools from the taxes, and others from the rates, the best plan would be to take it from both. To which we answer, in homely language, "Don't you wish you may get it?" The latest idea, as adopted by the Conference of the Convocations this week, is to ask for an additional grant of six shillings a child in all elementary schools whatever, and a rate towards "voluntary" schools in all districts where there are School Boards. No scheme could be so full of objections and so devoid of advantages.

The Government appear to have made up their minds against what is called "rate aid." But we must remember that if they want to change their minds, they have plenty of time to do it in. Parliament will not meet for more than two months, and the first Cabinet of the recess was only held last Wednesday. Sir John Gorst, who, though not in the Cabinet, is Vice-President of the Council, is in favour of rates as against taxes, and so are the Prime Minister's extremely loquacious sons. Sir John Gorst sits for a clerical constituency, and may be presumed to know something about what is euphemistically called "the mind of the clergy." Those who are still inclined to respect the opinions of Convocation should read Dr. MacDonnell's interesting Life of Archbishop Magee, the most distinguished prelate of his day. It would hardly be too much to say that Magee exhausts the language of contempt in describing that singular body. It was a waste of time, he declared, for an intelligent person to have anything to do with such an assembly, whose members were headstrong and foolish, and whose proceedings were ridiculous and absurd. Yet it is under pressure from such sources that a Government which contains the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Chamberlain, and Lord James gravely proposes to upset the deliberate arrangement of 1870, and to excite a conflict which may end in secularising all elementary schools. The judgment of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, which derives equal weight from his conspicuous ability and from his official position as guardian of the public purse, has been pronounced against any demand upon the rates. Lord Cross entirely concurs with him. After Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Lord Cross it may seem like trifling with a serious subject to quote Lord George Hamilton. But Lord George, little as his individual opinion may be worth, has been Vice-President of the Council and Chairman of the London School Board. He does, therefore, understand the machinery of the law, and he sees

that rates for denominational schools mean a revolutionary change. His speech at Stepney on Tuesday is an interesting illustration of the Tory point of view. The education of the children and the efficiency of the schools do not concern Lord George Hamilton. He never mentions them nor refers to them in any way. All his arguments are directed to prove that "rate aid" must be followed by popular control, and that popular control would be fatal to the Church Catechism. We have not the slightest idea what Lord George means by describing the religious teaching in Board schools as "optional." It is optional by Act of Parliament in all schools which receive grants from the State. Has this former Minister of Education never heard of the Conscience Clause? or does he think that the managers of "voluntary" schools are compelled to teach religion, whether they like it or not?

A curious letter appeared in Tuesday's *Times* from "A Metropolitan Conservative Member," who confesses that he is "sometimes called an ecclesiastical layman by his Liberal Unionist supporters." Unless this gentleman's Liberal Unionist supporters have a great deal of time on their hands, it may be assumed that they "sometimes" abbreviate, and perhaps strengthen, the description. But however that may be, this London Churchman sets up as an authority upon two subjects which would seem to lie rather outside his ordinary sphere. Rates for sectarian schools are, he says, opposed by "the farming interest and the Nonconformist conscience." The farming interest, according to Mr. Birrell's admirable story, would have liked to see all the money spent in education laid out on artificial manure — a form of expenditure which raises no theological issues. The "Nonconformist conscience" is a silly and offensive phrase, which will not increase this "ecclesiastical layman's" popularity among such of his constituents as happen to be Dissenters. But the fact is that he knows nothing whatever about Nonconformists or their principles. Nonconformists object, of course, to aid from the rates without the control of the ratepayers; but they object quite as much to aid from the taxes without the control of the taxpayers; and they will resist to the utmost any "statutory limit" to the expenditure of School Boards, who know their own business, and have done it only too well to please the Tories. The Duke of Devonshire explained to a deputation twelve months ago in very clear language that a grant to "voluntary" schools only would be manifestly unjust, and a fixed grant to all elementary schools palpably absurd. It is true that he afterwards assented to what he had himself stigmatised as injustice; but he has not yet adopted the absurdity put forward by the future Primate. The Government have got themselves into a hopeless mess, and there is only one way out of it. They have had their lesson, and burnt their fingers. Let them drop the whole thing. They may be the strongest Government of modern times, but the commonsense of Englishmen is too strong for them. The English people do not choose to have their schools turned upside down by wild curates. The hysterical ravings of Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Athelstan Riley no more represent the beliefs and feelings of ordinary Conservatives than the performances of the Salvation Army represent the collective religion of Christendom. Under the present system, which, if not logically perfect, is practically successful, everybody gives up something, the Nonconformist not the least. If that system is to be set aside, there must be an internecine conflict, out of which pure Secularism will in the end emerge triumphant.

THE REPORT OF THE WELSH LAND COMMISSION.

THE Welsh Land Commission has issued a report of 961 folio pages. It had previously published in five volumes 4,672 pages of minutes of evidence. A further volume is still to come containing bibliographical and statistical appendices. It is necessarily very difficult for the English reader to grasp the real significance of such a powerful deal of matter, and though we cannot truthfully say that everything in the 961 pages which contain the conclusions of the Commissioners is strictly relevant or necessary, we should be doing them injustice if we pretended to be able to adequately summarise and discuss their recommendations within a single page of THE SPEAKER. We can only indicate in the briefest way how they have approached the subject of inquiry. The Commission was presided over by Lord Carrington and contained Welsh landowners like Lord Kenyon and Sir John Llewellyn as well as representative tenants. But it was also rich in men of learning. Professor Rhys, the greatest Celtic scholar within these islands; Mr. Seebohm, whose knowledge of Welsh tribal conditions is scarcely less complete than his theories about the village communities of all countries; and Mr. Brynmor Jones, who is learned in the laws of Howel Dda as well as in the Common Law, were with general approbation nominated to the Commission. The three must be chiefly responsible for the historical preface of 150 pages, in which they give us a most valuable summary of the geological, climatic, biological, racial, linguistic, ecclesiastical, and educational conditions of Wales, ending in a sketch of Welsh legal history, especially in its relation to the tenure of land. No Royal Commission unaided by Professor Rhys would feel able to report with assurance to her Majesty that the main stock alike of Wales and of France is non-Aryan, or to publish an ethnographical map of the British Isles in the first century of the Christian era. We hope to be able to return to Professor Rhys and the Picts on another occasion. The Commissioners have shown how racial conditions have produced in Wales, in spite of its industrial development, a land-hunger less acute than that of Ireland, but still sufficient to make competition rents higher than is economically justifiable. They show that religious differences have created a certain barrier between landlord and tenant, but that, owing to the gradual and careful way in which Elizabethan lawyers converted the customary tribal tenures into freeholds and leaseholds for lives, and to the fact that landlords and tenants are of the same race, the barrier is easier to overpass than in Ireland. There have been isolated politico-religious evictions, but never a confiscation of the land of Wales, nor any systematic clearances such as those which followed the Irish famine. The landlords performed some economic functions, especially on large estates, by erecting farm buildings, and by preventing the excessive sub-division which Irish landlords encouraged. The main complaints of the Welsh farmer are three. He wishes more security of tenure just as the English farmer does, and with the additional nervousness due to the fear of political persecution. He demands fuller compensation for his improvements than is allowed by the Agricultural Holdings Act or even by the custom of Glamorganshire. And he demands a right of appeal to the County Court or to a special Land Court against exorbitant rents.

The Liberal majority of the Commissioners, in their endeavour to secure unanimity, seem to put off the vexed question of rent as long as they can. A

good Welshman like Sir John Llewellyn agreed with all they said about the laws of Howell, or about the means that should be taken to improve agricultural methods, and to sell the produce of the soil to better advantage. But he and Lord Kenyon could scarcely be expected to concur in recommending that rents should be fixed by courts. The desire to conciliate the Conservatives makes the Commissioners leave the question of rent almost until the end of their report. Yet it is the real question at issue. If prices had not fallen during the past seventeen years, the Welsh farmer, like the English farmer, might have been able to jog along in tolerable content, finding in the economic advantages of having permanent improvements made by the landlord some compensation for the social disadvantages of a tenancy from year to year. The fall in prices has enormously decreased the value of the produce of the soil. The labourer requires a larger share than he used to, for his standard of comfort has risen, and we are glad to learn that he is paid rather better in Wales than in most parts of England. The farmer may live a little cheaper than he once did, and farm a little more economically, but the possibilities of saving in that way are but slight. The only remedy, therefore, is a reduction of rent. In England this reduction has often not been granted until too late, merely because of the difficulty which landlords, like other men, find in realising the necessity of cutting their coat according to their cloth. In Wales the landlord who refused a reduction has been enabled to exact the old rents for a longer period, partly owing to the thrift and partly owing to the land-hunger of the farmer. The minority think that the land-hunger will gradually disappear, but we hold with the majority that it results from some of the best and most persistent qualities of the people, and that the State ought to step in to protect them from the defects of their qualities. We can scarcely follow the majority in the ingenious arrangement by which they propose to avoid giving free sale while they give fair rents. A fair rent is *ex hypothesi* less than a competition rent, and the right of holding land at a fair rent is therefore something for which men will be willing to pay a capital sum over and beyond the value of the tenant's improvements. Without free sale, this capital sum would or might go to the landlord whenever there was a change in the tenancy, and the right to have a fair rent fixed would therefore be reduced to a nullity. There are many theoretical objections to free sale, but in practice in the province of Ulster the experience of centuries has shown it to be perhaps the most valuable right, from the social point of view, which it is possible to confer on a tenant.

With the single exception of their proposal to give power to the County Courts to fix rents, the Commissioners, Radicals included, will be found unexpectedly and even curiously conservative. They are evidently opposed to the abolition of primogeniture and entail. They believe the disadvantages of the old system of strict entail have been largely removed by the Settled Land Acts and the Conveyancing Acts. The whole gist of their report is that the larger estates in Wales are valuable entities in the economic organisation. The Commissioners believe that if the landlords are intelligent, or employ intelligent agents, they can be of greater service in the future by encouraging co-operation among their tenantry on the lines which Mr. Horace Plunkett is following in Ireland. As a natural corollary, they do not recommend any advances, such as those under the Ashbourne Acts, for the creation of a peasant proprietary, and only tentatively suggest loans to relieve a certain class of existing yeomen who are burdened with debts incurred in acquiring their farms when prices were higher. They do not even recommend any measures to cheapen the transfer of land. They do not wish to see the landlord deprived of his power of distress. Their proposals for the amendment of the Agricultural Holdings Act are of a simple and practical kind—the removal of the requirement of a notice in writing, amendment of procedure, and so on. Most of these changes are as much required in England as in Wales. The most radical proposal, which is assented to by all the Commissioners, is one suggesting that where a tenant is evicted capriciously, *i.e.* for other cause than non-payment of rent or waste, he should be entitled to compensation for disturbance, such as was provided for by the Irish Act of 1870. We notice in the *Times* and elsewhere a disposition to condemn the Report, not so much on its merits as on its size; but we trust that even in a Tory Parliament it may receive some part of the consideration which so conscientious a work deserves. If the Welsh landlords are wise they will grasp at the proposals on which the Commissioners are unanimous, and help to pass a Bill to carry them out with as little conflict as there was about the Intermediate Education Act of 1889. The opportunity, if once lost, might not recur.

INSURANCE.

OF the life assurance companies whose accounts have recently been submitted to the public we select two which appear to us to present interesting and typical features as subjects for comment. The first, the English and Scottish Law, clad in the dignity of fifty-seven reputable years, and fortified by a capital fund which now exceeds two millions sterling, makes obvious claim to consideration; the second, its young and vigorous rival, the Scottish Life, though not possessing a fourth of the other's wealth or experience, can boast of being the strongest and most successful institution of the kind founded since the Life Assurance Companies Act of 1870.

To take the case of the older office first, the English and Scottish Law — whose annual new business for the past ten years has approximated to half a million — is now enabled to record a comfortable advance of £40,000 in the new business obtained during the year 1895, as against that secured in the preceding twelve months. The premium income, now standing at £195,000, has been augmented by £13,000, and the total funds of the Company by close upon £100,000. These excellent figures speak for themselves so far. They are all the more remarkable when one remembers the changes of policy to which the office has been subjected during the past decade, and the significant fluctuations in the results obtained during that period. In the early 'nineties, in particular, the new business figures show an extraordinary up-and-down tendency, jumping from £516,000 to £820,000 in 1891, and thence to £879,000 in the following year, while in 1893 they descended to £714,000, and in 1894 to £701,000. Explanation is not far to seek. The big upward leap in the years indicated was traceable to certain new modes of management and expansion which, introduced experimentally at first, were speedily invested with a dangerous glamour of success. We say dangerous advisedly, for we are well within the mark in saying that if the inflated figures had led the management to persist in the new methods without restriction or modification, the Company might

have impaired, in some degree at least, a reputation in the insurance world much too precious to endanger lightly. Happily, we have nothing of the sort to chronicle of the English and Scottish Law. Experience proved in the case of this association, no less than in regard to others, that the cost of foreign business exceeded the level at which prudence fixed its value, and that, moreover, a considerable doubt existed as to its quality. And for these reasons we think the action of the management in curtailing the foreign organisation at the critical juncture was sound and in the best permanent interests of the Company. The drop in the total of the sums assured for 1893 and 1894 may be explained by the adoption of this wise steadying tendency, accompanied by retrenchment wherever it was possible to effect economy. Something of the ultimate result is seen in the report now under consideration. Not only is the new business and premium income reviving but—a specially gratifying feature—there is a steady diminution in the expense ratio. It now stands at 17·4 of the premium income; higher than it might be, no doubt, but in agreeable contrast to the 19·33 in 1892. And the reduction of more than one-half per cent. effected since the publication of the figures for 1894 shows that the improvement has continued right up to the present date. In addition to the reforms indicated, the directors have set aside from the life assurance fund a special investment reserve of £50,000 in view of the possible depreciation in the mortgage securities held by the Association, a step which may cause the proprietors as well as the policy-holders to congratulate themselves upon some special preparation for financial emergency. Less gratifying from some points of view is the decision of the directors to depose the bonus from the proud altitude of £2 per cent. to the less pretentious, though fairly satisfactory eminence of £1 10s. The decline of the bonus, in all the circumstances, appears to us comparatively insignificant; but heartburnings among certain sections of assured must needs accompany any curtailment of their immediate advantages. The grumblers are, of course, shortsighted. Wisdom should temper disappointment to the shorn policy-holder and enable him to recognise that the office retains along with its olden respectability a secure solidness that gives it very high rank indeed among the proprietary life assurance companies of the country.

Reverting to the other office selected for comment, the Scottish Life—whose quinquennial valuation as at 31st May, 1896, is now before us—has from the very first elected to err when necessary on the side of caution. In his report to the directors the actuary, Mr. James Chatham, proffered the alternative of a valuation on the basis of interest calculated at 3½ per cent. (the same as the previous investigation), permitting the declaration of a £2 bonus and the carrying over of a large balance, and a valuation at 3¼ per cent., which allowed of the same bonus while limiting the balance to something under £5,000. The wisdom of the directors in adopting the latter course cannot be questioned for a moment. The strengthening of the reserves in an epoch of financial depression, the end of which no man can foresee, will give added confidence to the present policy-holders, and to those who may contemplate effecting assurances in this thriving and admirably-controlled Company; while the fact that it is possible to distribute the handsome bonus of £2 per cent. among the assured, and to declare a dividend of 6½ per cent. to the shareholders, is ample evidence that the immediate interests of all concerned have not suffered. A conspicuous feature of the Scottish Life is a special department for the transaction of every description of accident business, and it is to be noted with satisfaction that the experience of the office in this class of business has been highly favourable. The funds at the end of the year (exclusive of life assurance and fatal accident funds) totalled £58,563, while the premiums received in relation thereto amounted to £6,658, a valuable departmental contribution to the general prosperity. That the success of the whole concern is finally based on discreet and skilful management may be gathered from no other evidence than its rapid development in the course of so short a career. Confirmation of this may be derived from a perusal of the balance-sheet, where the disclosure of investments tells a plain tale of shrewdness and moderation. Nevertheless, the Scottish Life has much of the battle before it yet. It succeeded at the commencement, thrived on success, and has now won confidence in all circles. Only it must be conceded that the expenditure in obtaining new business of so large a percentage of the first premiums as 18 per cent. presents some incongruity in the composition of a Company whose universal recommendation is steadiness and caution. Youth, however, no less than senility, has its inevitable drawbacks, and it is but reasonable to account the high percentage of expenditure a necessary and temporary extravagance of youth which is mitigated by success and will assuredly be reduced by time.

FINANCE.

WHEN the result of the Presidential Election in the United States became known in London on Wednesday morning, there was a very rapid rise in prices throughout all departments of the Stock Exchange. Especially was this the case in the market for American railroad securities, which has been depressed for so many months now. Prices rose in some cases as much as 4 and 5 points in the day, and those who had bought the "call" of these shares in the hope that Mr. McKinley would be elected have undoubtedly made very handsome profits. Orders came pouring in throughout the day from the Continent, and there was heavy buying also on New York account in the later hours of the afternoon, when the New York Stock Exchange opened. As the New York prices do not come over until a little after three o'clock in London, the market continued active in the street, and Shorter's Court presented an appearance of activity which it has lacked for many months. The buying in London, however, was almost exclusively on professional account, the English public as yet appearing to take very little interest in the market. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that although it would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the election of Mr. McKinley to the Presidency, nevertheless the original cause of the difficulties in the United States, viz. the disorganisation of the currency, still remains to be dealt with. It is also pointed out in some quarters that Mr. McKinley represents the extreme Protectionist party in the United States. Inasmuch, however, as his election has been largely owing to the votes of the Sound Money Democrats as they are called, it is not improbable that he will avoid violent Protectionist measures. Mr. Bryan's defeat, and Mr. McKinley's consequent victory by such enormous majorities, shows that the people of the United States are determined to maintain their credit and pay their debts in the money in which they have contracted to pay them; in other words, the Socialist and Anarchist doctrines of Mr. Bryan and his supporters have, at any rate for the time being, received a crushing defeat, and confidence is restored in the honesty and integrity of a great nation. Nevertheless, the fact remains that the present currency law, which makes it essential for the Treasury to issue again and again its Treasury Notes and "Greenbacks" as they gradually come in, and redeem them again and again in gold, makes it essential also that from time to time a deficiency must occur which can only

be met by adding to the debt of the United States. As a nation the American people are so wealthy that the addition even of a very large sum to their national debt would make comparatively little difference, if the debt were incurred for any purpose likely to benefit the interests of the community; but to go on year by year increasing the debt simply to maintain a peculiar currency law cannot fail to have serious ill-effects upon the commercial prosperity of the country. President Cleveland attempted again and again to induce Congress to repeal this law, but in vain, the Silver party in the Senate being too strong for the combined influence of the President and the House of Representatives. As yet it is impossible to say what measures will be adopted by the new Government, when it comes into office on March 4th next, for setting the currency in order; but it is evident that there is urgent need that this should be done. The banking law in the United States, according to our ideas, is also defective; but the most urgent need, as we have just explained, is the repeal of the currency law, and until this is done real confidence in American commercial prosperity cannot be restored.

In sympathy with the rise in American railroad securities, there has also been a marked advance in South American stocks, and especially in Argentines, which have been in exceedingly good demand since Wednesday morning. Early on Wednesday there was a considerable improvement in the prices of South African mining shares, but this advance in London, when it became known on the Paris Bourse, caused considerable selling thence, the result being that there was a set back, and although on the balance for the day there was a marked advance, prices were far from firm. This selling from Paris, however, seems to have ceased, and the decision in the Pretoria court with reference to the cyanide case has undoubtedly helped the market, there being considerable buying upon home account.

The Bank of England directors made no change in their minimum rate of discount, which consequently remains at 4 per cent. In the open market day-to-day money is fully up to Bank rate, while for short periods money can be obtained at about 3¾ per cent. It is a notable fact, however, that long-dated paper bearing really first-class names can be discounted at very nearly a full point below the official minimum.

THIS MORNING'S PAPER.

By a Mere Outsider.

SATURDAY.—The new Archbishop is beginning his campaign on behalf of the Church schools betimes, and there can be no doubt that in doing so he is explaining to the world at large the true reason of his appointment by Lord Salisbury. It is, of course, too soon to say anything definite as to the educational programme of Ministers next Session; but it is manifest that the Board-school system has been saved by the rally of its friends last summer. Made cautious by experience, the champions of the sectarian schools seem now disposed to content themselves with an attempt to secure for themselves command of the purse of the nation. They will be satisfied to leave the Board schools alone, provided the State will pay them for the support of their schools and will make no inconvenient demand for the public control of the expenditure of public money! It remains to be seen with what measure of success this precious scheme for endowing the schools of a denomination at the expense of the nation will meet.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech at Stirling last night was inspired by the sound common-sense and cheery optimism which are the distinguishing characteristics of the speaker. Like all other sensible men in the Liberal ranks, he will have none of the discussion of the leadership as though it were a burning question of the day. Liberals are quite content to accept matters as they are at present, and to leave the final solution of the personal question to be settled when it is ripe. In the meantime they will carry on the war in defence of their own principles with as much zeal and energy as before. The special importance of this declaration lies in the fact that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is one of the men whose name has been mentioned most frequently of late years in connection with the leadership of the Liberal party. He is incontestably one of the most influential members of the party in the House of Commons; and the fact that he agrees with Mr. Asquith and other prominent men on the Front Bench in refusing to be drawn into any attempt to "force" the present situation by imposing a new leader on the party in place of Lord Rosebery, has more significance than all the utterances of the irresponsible persons who have tried to settle the matter in their own way.

Sunday.—Mr. Chamberlain will hardly feel gratified by the result of the contest for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. His election was from the first regarded as being so much of a certainty that it was with the greatest difficulty that the Liberal leaders in the University were induced to contest it. When it was known that his opponent was to be a private Member of Parliament, who has no official titles, and whose only claim upon the students consisted in his personal merits, the friends of Mr. Chamberlain were filled with exultation and began to boast of their coming victory after the fashion in which Goliath of old jeered at David. But David has nevertheless dealt a shrewd blow at Goliath, and the swaggering Tories of the Glasgow University have learned to their cost that, even with the aid of a name so powerful as Mr. Chamberlain's, they are by no means in that possession of undisputed supremacy which they had formerly believed to be theirs.

Who will say that authorship is any longer left without its proper rewards? In the case of Doubleday *v.* Lloyd yesterday, it was made known that the proprietors of the *Daily Chronicle* have agreed to pay £4,000 to Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, for an article of 15,000 words length describing his recent adventures in the Polar Seas, they having already paid him £1,000 for a telegram of 1,500 words. Furthermore, it was stated that the same lucky author is to be paid £10,000 for the "rights" in his forthcoming book for the English language. Thus Dr. Nansen has already received £15,000 from English publishers alone for his story of his great journey. He will in addition receive something handsome for the Norwegian, French, and German editions of his book. In all it may be assumed that the profits of his literary undertaking will not fall short of £25,000. Payment at the rate of 5s. 4d. a word for a newspaper article is, I imagine, unexampled in journalism. How Grub Street would have marvelled at the incident!

Monday.—Who is "Diplomaticus"? I do not ask the question because the answer is of any importance. But it would be interesting to learn the name of a gentleman who, assuming a title which presumes his knowledge of what is happening behind the scenes, manages to display in his articles in the *Fortnightly* an ignorance of facts which would hardly have been expected in the youngest clerk in the Foreign Office. It is just as well to warn his readers against accepting his story of Lord Rosebery's dealings with the Armenian Question in its earlier stages as being in any way accurate or authoritative.

Dr. Creighton's appointment to the Bishopric of London seems to give general satisfaction both to clergy and laity. It will certainly be a welcome change to the former to have as chief pastor and leader a man who has not entirely neglected the

graces of life in his desire to push on with his work. Dr. Creighton's former connection with Mr. Arthur Acland is duly noticed in this morning's papers, and it is unquestionably passing strange that the two joint occupants of a lonely rectory in Northumberland should in less than a score of years have risen, one to a seat in the Cabinet, and the other to the Bishopric of London. It is to be hoped that in his new and exalted office Bishop Creighton will remain true to the principles he professed in other days. If he should do so, he will afford an additional point of contrast to his distinguished predecessor.

Before these lines are printed the Presidential contest in the United States will have been settled; and it is, therefore, merely with a view to recording the different phases of public feeling that I mention the intense anxiety which seems to prevail here as well as in Americaas to the result. That there is a good deal of foreboding—for which I can find no apparent justification—on the part of Mr. McKinley's supporters, is a very noticeable feature of the situation. This is the first time since the Civil War when there has been anything like general public interest on this side of the Atlantic in a political contest in the States. But people are beginning to feel that the questions at issue between Bryan and McKinley affect not any particular nation but civilised mankind as a whole.

Tuesday.—The European situation grows more acute. Prince Bismarck's treacheries are naturally followed by speculations in every European capital as to the relations of the different States, and from Vienna comes what will seem to many to be a remarkable statement regarding the Egyptian Question. It is a reply to the French threats that "all Europe" is to attack Great Britain on the question of the occupation of Egypt, and it is to the effect that Germany (and with Germany Austria and Italy) will certainly not join France and Russia in any such task. I mentioned a fortnight ago my conversation with Baron Blanc at the Foreign Office at Rome last November, and his statement as to the orders given to the Italian admiral to act in the East under the direction of his English colleague. At that time—twelve months ago—Lord Salisbury could certainly have had the support of Italy in a policy of intervention in Turkey; nor would Italy have been England's only ally. Germany would certainly have backed Italy, if not with active measures, with all the resources of diplomacy; and Austria would have acted up to the engagement entered into in 1887 between that country, Italy, and Great Britain. The fall of the Crispi Cabinet broke up a combination which might have saved the Armenians without endangering the peace of Europe; and action which might have been taken with safety in November, 1895, is impossible in November, 1896. I wonder how Lord Salisbury justifies his inaction twelve months ago.

I have an interesting letter from a friendly correspondent regarding Cromwell's head, to which I made reference in my diary of last week. It will be remembered that I said that the colour of the hair was of a reddish brown. My correspondent says: "I have in my possession two miniatures of the Protector, in both of which he is shown to have had fair hair, and I have a clear recollection of having read in a contemporary that his hair was of a light colour. Against this, however, is the undoubted fact that Lely's portrait shows Oliver to have had dark hair; but, perhaps, this was the painter's license, as, no doubt, dark hair in a picture is more effective from an artist's point of view." It would thus seem that there is warrant for the only feature in Cromwell's head that struck me as unhistorical.

Wednesday.—The gloomy forebodings which were expressed on both sides of the Atlantic have been effectually dispelled by the news from New York. Mr. McKinley's victory has been even more sweeping and complete than his friends had anticipated, and the danger of a policy of repudiation in the United States is for the present at an end. But there has been a revelation of the subterranean forces at work in American society which is none the less startling and disquieting because on this occasion the chasm which suddenly opened beneath the feet of the nation has closed again. The fires are there, and America is at the beginning of a far-reaching struggle.

The statement of M. Hanotaux yesterday on the Turkish Question was a poor halting affair. Its vagueness is very disappointing. Only upon one point was it emphatic and unmistakable. That was as to the determination of France and Russia to allow of no isolated action against Turkey. If only France would awake now and take up the humanitarian cry which was raised in England a few weeks ago, there would be some hope that even the French Foreign Office would make effectual use of the European concert against the assassin-Sultan. But M. Hanotaux has nothing but vague promises to offer us on this subject.

Lord Salisbury's appointment of Mr. Carr Glyn to the vacant Bishopric of Peterborough will give universal satisfaction. As Vicar of Kensington, Mr. Carr Glyn has won golden opinions from his parishioners of all sections; whilst the fact that he is not a ritualist or an extreme sacerdotalist will add to the pleasure which his elevation must give to sensible and moderate men both in the Church and outside.

Thursday.—Mr. Poynter's election as President of the Royal Academy had been spoken of as probable for some time. That which was not expected was the severity of the struggle for the primacy in the hierarchy of Art. Mr. Briton Rivière ran a close second to Mr. Poynter, and there was, indeed, a moment when it seemed as though Mr. Rivière was to be the successful candidate. It is fortunate for the Academy that it had two men so fully eligible as Mr. Poynter and Mr. Rivière to choose from. There was another man, however, who, if the members of the Academy had been influenced merely by personal feeling, would have "topped" them both in the voting. This was Mr. Orchardson. His would have been the name that would unquestionably have come out at the head of the list if it had not been for the conviction of his fellow-artists that he would find the routine work of the Presidency too irksome to be endured with patience. This, I believe, is a statement that almost every member of the Academy will be ready to confirm.

The Cabinet met yesterday for the first time for several months; yet, strange to say, I do not observe any speculations this morning as to the character of the business with which Ministers had to deal. This, I suppose, arises from the profound indifference of the country to the domestic legislation which the Government may propose. Few Tories want any legislation whatever; all Liberals believe that no legislation will be proposed which it will not be their duty to oppose. The faddists and extremists on the Tory side may desire a repetition of the Education plot of last session; but they are hardly likely to be gratified; and, short of that, there is no measure that seems to excite any curiosity at present. Yet when one considers the critical state of foreign affairs it seems wonderful that so little interest should be shown in the first meeting of "the governing committee of the British Empire" after a prolonged recess.

Friday.—The clergy and their ultra-clerical allies of the laity seem to be losing their heads again and to be bent upon another attempt to rush the Ministry. Despite the reckless inconsistencies of the Archbishop-elect and the ardour of Lord Cranborne, it is impossible to believe that they will succeed. "Once bitten, twice shy!" and when even so devoted a friend of the bishops as Viscount Cross undertakes to withstand the clericals to their faces, they can hardly hope to carry mere Laodiceans like Mr. Balfour and Sir John Gorst. It is amusing to see that Lord Cranborne denounced the last Education Bill as a bad

one. The Bill was Lord Salisbury's. It was his influence alone that forced it upon a reluctant Cabinet. Lord Cranborne apparently means to compel his unfortunate parent to introduce a still worse measure next year. This is an age in which parents are generally called upon to honour their children. But it is really too much for a son to insist that his father shall commit suicide. Let us hope that the hand of this rebellious Isaac will be stayed in time, and the political life of the venerable and most noble Abraham saved.

THE PRICE OF BREAD.

THE rise in the price of the quartern loaf, which has lately alarmed the minds of Londoners, and which, if some of our prophets are to be trusted, is destined very shortly to increase, is bringing home to us all very plainly the economic situation of our food supply. One fact is obvious at the beginning, that this advance is mainly due to the deficiency of wheat, to any increase in the price of which the loaf immediately responds. That this cause is not the sole cause is probably true. The relation between the price of wheat and that of bread is now much less close than it used to be. The action of the bakers is not always above criticism, for it is a commonplace of experience that while a rise in the price of wheat immediately results in dearer bread, on the other hand a fall in the price of wheat by no means always renders bread immediately cheap. But it may be that the miller does not give the baker all the benefit of the falling scale, and it may be also that the retail bread dealers have not sufficient organisation to insist, as the great producing industries insist, upon getting the full advantage of a fall in price at once. Still, the failure this year of some of our ordinary supplies of wheat is beyond question the dominating fact in the market. The annual consumption of wheat in this country now amounts to little less than thirty million quarters. A generation ago we furnished nearly half of this ourselves. But now, unhappily, less than one-fourth of our necessities are supplied by British farms. The rest of this enormous demand is met by the wheat-growers of foreign lands. Russia in Europe, the United States and Argentina in America, and India and Australia beyond, are the sources to which we look for more than three-fourths of our bread supply, and on these distant granaries our people practically depend. This year, while we in England have enjoyed an exceptionally good harvest, the supply from India, from Australia, and from the Argentine has largely failed. The result is an inevitable rise in prices, and a transitory gleam of hope for farmers here.

A study of the prices which wheat was fetching last month in the market reveals some interesting details. Agriculturists who of late have made up their minds to regard the normal price of wheat as little over twenty shillings a quarter must have rubbed their eyes with amazement as they saw the prices running up. Wherever one looked, whether at Newcastle or at Bedford, whether in Berkshire or in Essex, in Gloucestershire or in Kent, one could find nothing but records of prices steadily mounting. In Berkshire, in the early part of October, the price had touched thirty-two shillings a quarter; in Essex and in Surrey it was up to thirty-two or thirty-three. The next week it had risen one shilling a quarter in almost every part of the country, while Gloucestershire registered an advance of two-and-sixpence, and prices at Carlisle were up to thirty-four or thirty-five. A week later again the results were still more striking. Newcastle had added two-and-sixpence to the quarter. In Cambridgeshire there was a rise of five shillings on the figures of the previous week. Prices in Yorkshire had risen to thirty-six shillings per quarter, in Carlisle to thirty-seven shillings and sixpence, and in Berkshire to forty shillings—nearly double the normal price. But the last week of the month showed a reaction against these very high prices, and in almost every part of England a slight but noticeable decline. Whether this reaction will prove to be more than temporary; whether, after a brief period of fluctuation, the "boom" in wheat is destined to begin again; and whether the check given last week to rising prices will yet arrest the rise in the price in bread—these things are questions for the future. At present the bread market, thanks it may be to the London Bakers' Association, records only the increase, and takes no notice of the slight reaction in the price of wheat. But it is perhaps unreasonable to expect the slight gain made by this reaction to filter down through all the middlemen into the consumer's pocket while prices generally still remain so high.

There are, however, certain political considerations which the results of the harvest inevitably suggest. To farmers long disheartened by low prices the rise in wheat is an unquestionable relief. It comes opportunely in Illinois and in Indiana to check wild schemes for playing with the currency, and to rally the farmers to Mr. McKinley's side. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that it has told in America heavily against the arguments of the Democratic party, and has thus contributed to the crushing Republican success. It comes opportunely for those English farmers who may have been tempted lately to fancy that bimetallism might send agricultural prices up; it comes opportunely for the popularity of a Government which prides itself on being the farmer's friend. Apart from that, the rise in the price of bread—serious as it is just on the eve of winter, and doubly serious in view of the combination with which the bakers threaten us in London—is in some respects a useful warning against the Protectionist fallacies which Fair Traders indulge. Anything which threatens a return, even for a moment, to the high prices of two generations since, would enforce more vividly than years of agitation all that cheap bread means to us in England, and all that Free Trade, which it is now the fashion to belittle, has achieved. It is true that our working classes are at present less dependent upon bread than they have been in days gone by. It is true that, as compared with certain Continental countries, our consumption of wheat is relatively small. In France, for instance, it is claimed that the consumption of wheat per head is double ours, and Hungarians and Spaniards, Americans, Swiss and Belgians, all appear from the statistics of the Swiss Society of Commerce and Industry to be greater bread-eaters than we. But, on the other hand, an Englishman eats three or four times as much wheat as a Russian, and five times as much as a Norwegian or Swede, and our total consumption of it reaches to an immense amount. When one considers that three-fourths of our supply comes to us over many thousand miles of sea, one cannot but wonder how we should contrive to convoy it hither safely in the event of war. If the failure of our resources in India, Australia, and the Argentine have almost doubled the price of wheat this year, what should we have done this winter if the rumours of war had all come true, and if hostilities with the United States and Russia had closed those vast granaries also to our people? This consideration is so serious that we are not surprised to find it suggested that the State should keep a permanent reserve of wheat, as Joseph did, to feed the people. Until some answer on that point is found, there will always be, on the military question, a last foothold on which the Protectionist may stand. In the meanwhile, without entering on these gloomy forebodings, we may rejoice for the moment in the relief which the farmer has found, and may hope that the resources of Great Britain, America and Russia may still suffice this year to give us plenty, and to prevent the price of bread from rising dangerously high.

THE DEPRAVITY OF FLIRTING.

WHY do women flirt? This is a question which the mere man is disposed to answer in the terms employed by Dr. Watts when his attention was called to the combativeness of dogs. The serious woman of our generation is not to be put off with any such specious generalising. Like the lady in the *Nineteenth Century*, who gravely assures us that the fascination of true women is far above the gross materialism of sex, the serious woman who analyses "*le flirtage*," as our frivolous Gallic neighbours call it, is quite sure that it cannot proceed from any irremediable caprice of nature. In the *Woman at Home*, a magazine conducted by Mrs. Annie S. Swan, who has a very large circle of readers, especially in Scotland, this subject of flirting is discussed by the editor with becoming decorum. "Should Women Flirt?" is not a giddy conundrum thrown out as a provocation to jocularity. Mrs. Swan never yields to the temptation, said to be peculiarly Scotch, to joke with difficulty. In her solemn outlook upon her sex she has noticed that flirting is a widespread practice, and she gives weighty reasons why it ought to be discountenanced. "There can be no doubt that in a young girl it takes the bloom off the peach by destroying the delicate and high reserve which is the hall-mark of perfect womanhood; and the girl who has played so often at courtship will have very little that is fresh and delightful to bring to the real business when it comes to her. I do not say that she may not settle down into an admirable wife, but were I a man I should prefer one who had fewer memories." This reminds us of our old friends of the Dumas drama, *les pêches à quinze sous*, transported to our moral clime, with associations made rather more decorous in the passage. The peach at fifteen *sous* had lost its bloom and become proportionately cheaper; but the fruit on which Mrs. Swan innocently discourses may be an admirable peach all the same, though she wonders why its possessor does not prefer "fewer memories."

Here we are brought up short by that ancient obstacle, the native frowardness of man, a source of inexhaustible wonder and even pain to feminine philosophers like Mrs. Swan. The distressing truth is that many a man is attracted to the peach by the very "memories" which Mrs. Swan deplores. They give a piquancy to his triumph. He has married the woman who drove a dozen other fellows to distraction; she is an excellent helpmate, and there is no more to be said, except that when he runs across the other fellows he is agreeably reminded of their disappointment. That is a sensation which may give to a somewhat monotonous companionship a new lease of vivacity and charm. Mrs. Swan might be shocked by such a suggestion, simply because the contrariness of human nature is always disturbing to a mind that reposes on the hard-and-fast rules of a limited observation. If flirting would only make women unacceptable as wives, the moral atmosphere would not be such a misty medium as it is. Then we might see man drawing himself up with an impeccable air, while he declares that the peach at fifteen *sous* is not at all to his taste. This being extremely remote from the fact, the philosopher who does not like flirting is reduced to the hypothesis "Were I a man," which, it is needless to say, is a total begging of the question. That does not deter another lady from the angry assertion that women who flirt, "and in any way draw a sex-consciousness into all relations with the other sex, are the very worst enemies of their own." There must be some relations from which this terrible "consciousness" is absent. It is still possible, we hope, for even the most arrant flirt to make her purchases at the stores without weaving toils round the hapless young man behind the counter. But what are we to say when it is alleged that the very sanctuary of feminine independence, the platform itself, is polluted by this bacillus of fascination? "The giddy and unprincipled," it seems, have invaded the woman's movement, and disgraced it by the arts associated with a primitive stage of development. "Women are so easily discredited by other women," a premiss from which Mrs. Isabella Fyvie Mayo deduces the conclusion: "No, women do not flirt. Possibly 'females' will do so for some time to come."

This is a fearsome situation. The "admirable wife" is dismissed as a "female." Once a flirt, there is no redemption for her in the fiery propaganda of Mrs. Mayo. Let the brightest pioneer of the cause of emancipation betray the slightest touch of coquetry, and she is doomed by this new infallibility. Three ladies in the *Woman at Home* have the assurance to declare, nevertheless, that flirting is the praiseworthy function of maidens. "It will be a dull day for the world," says one, "when they give it up." "The girl who has never flirted has missed her girlhood," says another. It must be admitted that these audacious champions of "females" are contributors to frivolous "society" papers, devoted to fashion-gossip and other devices for the enslavement of aspiring woman. These are branches of the great conspiracy to persuade our damsels that, no matter what vocation they may ostensibly pursue, the subjugation of man is the most important province of their ambition. Their worldly counsellors may warn them not to flirt "too much," for excessive indulgence in this pastime has been known to chill the interest of eligible bachelors in some otherwise desirable virgins; but the social expert will admit that no final rule can be laid down, and that the most suitable method of trapping her prey must be left to the native instinct of the huntress. It is deplorable that such sentiments should prevail, and that "females," who do not want to "miss their girlhood," should be encouraged to resort to such experiments on the sensibilities of the "male." In a higher state of civilisation, no doubt, the desire of a woman to make herself attractive in the eyes of men will be eliminated, and marriage will be based on community of ideas as to the proper cultivation of philosophy. In that beatific condition, we shall regard flirtation as a savage rite, mildly interesting to the Folk-Lore Society, but as incomprehensible to most of us as suttee. At present, there is a lamentable acquiescence in the "sex-consciousness" which produces all the erratic behaviour of human nature that the inhabitants of a distant planet, if they had the opportunity, would probably join Mrs. Mayo in censuring. Mr. Francis Galton tells us that he sees no insurmountable obstacle to communication by signalling between the earth and Mars; and it would be a great comfort to Mrs. Mayo, and a formidable argument to boot, if we could learn that in Mars flirtation is unknown.

A LAWN GAG.

TROLLOPE presumed that bishops upon their consecration lost the power to whistle, but they lose it only as the young gentleman in "Boswell" lost all his Greek: "'About the same time, sir,' snarled Johnson, 'as I lost all my estate in Lincolnshire.'" The wood of which Anglican bishops and archbishops are made is not as a rule resonant, while, besides, they are never quite at ease in their mediæval masquerade. Popes, cardinals, and prelates of the Catholic Church, being more at home in their robes and with their faith, can afford to be witty and humorous; and the Puritan divines, on the other side, give one the impression of being on intimate terms with the Deity. "I remember," says Spurgeon, in his lectures to his divinity students—most admirable lectures they are—"I remember hearing an aged minister, who had succeeded on the platform a younger brother that had broken down utterly in an extemporary prayer, open his petition

to the Almighty thus: 'That it might please Almighty God to make yon young man's heart as soft as his head.'" While Spurgeon himself—in the same lecture, we think—said that he had once observed to a friend of a Methodist minister they had just heard preach: "Ah, that's the stuff of which martyrs are made!" "That stick!" exclaimed the friend. "Yes. He's so dry, he'd burn well!" Try to conceive a bishop, or any cleric in the Anglican Church of the standing of Spurgeon in the Baptist Communion, leavening a lecture to divinity students with such stories! You certainly cannot attribute such flippant flights altogether to irreverence, since Spurgeon was essentially reverent, and since preachers and prelates of the Catholic Church occasionally permit themselves similar liberties.

Of course, there are a large number of profanely witty divines in the Anglican Church also, but they are, so to say, built in water-tight compartments, and their wit is rigorously kept apart from their divinity. "I never set forth to go into my parish," said Sydney Smith to an evangelical parson who had been pelting him for hours with texts—"I never set forth to go into my parish without a text of Scripture ringing in my ears: 'Go into the village over against you and straightway you shall find an ass.'" But when he addressed these asses from the pulpit, he tried to drown the remembrance of his week-day levity by the almost savage energy with which he thumped the pulpit-cushion and roared the Gospel. I heard an old lady, says Augustus Hare in "The Story of My Life," explain to a neighbour, who with her was almost terrified by Sydney Smith's frenzied preaching, that he was Sir Sidney Smith, the great admiral, who could not shake off on becoming a clergyman the ferocious ways of war. Sterne, it is true, indulged in the pulpit in one or two sallies of Shandean and unquotable humour; while South continually let himself go there, sometimes with admirable effect. Could anything, for instance, be more happy than this rebuke to the rich for their illiberality:—"It is wonderful to consider how a command to be liberal all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing, who at the very same instant want nothing to spend. So that, instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently. For let the danger of their prince and country knock at their purses and call upon them to contribute against a public enemy or calamity, then immediately they have nothing, and their riches upon such occasions—as Solomon expresses it—never fail to make themselves wings and fly away. . . . Now before thou fliest to the old, stale, usual pretence that thou canst do none of those things, consider with thyself that there is a God, who is not to be flammed off with lies, who knows exactly what thou canst do, and what thou canst not; and consider, in the next place, that it is not the best husbandry in the world to be damned to save charges." But South was not a bishop, and, indeed, his bishop took him severely to task for giving way in the pulpit to his rich vein of wit and humour—a remonstrance to which the facetious divine made the characteristic rejoinder, "Ah, my lord, you never had the temptation!" But South, as we say, was not a bishop, and it is with the inability of bishops to whistle that we have to do.

Let us take a singularly striking instance of what a joke may become after being flattened out under the dead weight of an episcopal mind. Montaigne, with the happiest effect of humour, closes a long historic list of kings, queens, and great men who owed all to Fortune with the burlesque instance of "him of old, who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit and killed his mother-in-law." Had he not reason to pronounce this verse?—

Ταὐτόματον ἡμῶν καλλίω βουλεύεται.

But our Chrysostom, Jeremy Taylor, having this passage from Montaigne obviously in his mind, applies it ponderously thus:—"He that threw a stone at a dog, and hit his cruel step-mother, said, that although he intended it otherwise, yet the stone was not quite lost; and, if we fail in the first design, if we bring it home to another equally to content us, or more to profit us, then we have put our conditions past the power of chance; and this was called in the old Greek comedy, 'a being revenged on Fortune by becoming philosophers,' and turning the chance into reason or religion; for so a wise man shall overrule his stars, and have a greater influence upon his own content than all the constellations and planets of the firmament." Indeed, one cannot think of an Anglican bishop without an idea of a kind of schoolgirlish and self-conscious primness. He seems no more at home in his mediæval robes and office than David in the gorgeous and cumbrous armour of Saul; and the sense of not being quite at home keeps him ever on his painful guard. This has with some the effect of making them exquisitely ladylike. When Cardinal Manning read in a letter written in 1886 Archbishop Benson's high appreciation of his work and of his character, he said to the correspondent who showed him the letter, "And I, too, have a great liking for my dear *sister* of Canterbury." But Archbishop Benson was naturally sweet and suave, and we should expect his episcopal "words to smell of the apron" in another sense than Plutarch's. Different, indeed, was Archbishop Magee, who, meant by Nature "to give the world assurance of a man," was made by Fortune a bishop. One has only to contrast his episcopal utterances with the keen, caustic, even mordant wit of his letters in Dr. MacDonnell's candid "Life," to understand what a pain and grief it was to him, and what a loss it was to us, that he had always to walk delicately, like Agag. "I have just refused," he writes, "going to a meeting of 'evangelical' clergy at Southport, to give an address on the Church of England doctrine of the Sacraments. Oh my! if I had gone and said my say, in how many little pieces should I have been sent home to my sorrowing wife and bereaved orphans!" Indeed, every chapter of this interesting "Life of Magee" helps us to an estimate of the cost to the wearer and to the world of a lawn gag.

À PROPOS OF "GASTON DE LATOUR."

PATER'S unfinished romance, "Gaston de Latour," may be studied from several standpoints. As illustrating once more its author's brilliant subtlety of style; as a characteristic revelation of several phases of the French Renaissance; as the splendid failure of one whose "ideas and sensations" did not adjust themselves to story-telling to weave a romance; or, finally, as a stage in the development of a mind which, despite surface appearances, was really dealing with some of the profoundest intellectual issues of our time. It is on the last aspect of the beautiful fragment before us that we wish to say a word or two here. "He was always a seeker after something in the world that is there in no satisfying measure or not at all." So Pater wrote years ago of his own comely young Dutchman, Sebastian Van Storck. The words may stand to symbolise Pater's own baffled search for an enduring sanction, within the limits of the here and now, of his own Epicureanism. The amazing interest of his thought on its philosophic and personal side seems to us just that—the effort to read, in terms of æsthetics, the joys and hopes and aspirations of which human life is the varied stage.

Is Cyrenaicism, modern or ancient, equal to the task? This was the master question to Pater's mind, and in "Marius," as in "Gaston de Latour," it is the

underlying *motif*. "In the eye"—so said his teacher in the temple of Æsculapius—"would live for him [Marius] the determining influence of life." In a vision cultured and trained, that is to say, by a kind of spiritual husbandry—a vision, moreover, not self-referrent, but motived with "the purpose of a self-preparation towards an ampler vision, which should take up into itself and explain this world's delightful shows, as the scattered fragments of a poetry, till then but half understood, might be taken up into the text of a lost epic recovered at last." We know how this development of the "humble follower of the eye" is worked out in "Marius," and set off on the one hand against the Stoicism of Aurelius and the nascent ethic of Christianity. In that memorable book Pater seems to answer his own questions by a further note of interrogation. We take leave of the hero—curiously spoken of as *anima naturaliter Christiana*—dying as the half-willing martyr of a vague creed. The author's intention obviously was to test Christianity, this new spiritual force which even in the days of the Antonines exercised a wonderful potency over men, by, as he understood them, the highest reaches of Greek thought. It is not, strange as it may seem, to Aristotle, nor even to Plato, but to Epicurus and Aristippus that he turns for the best interpretation of the Hellenic view of life. It was here that for Pater himself the eye was "the determining influence of life." His so sensitive susceptibility—visible on every page of his work—to beauty of form and colour made him prize beyond their face-value the *philosophies* that in another interpretation seem so crude and brutal. The classical expression of Pater's Cyrenaicism is, of course, to be found in the famous epilogue to the "Studies in the History of the Renaissance." But Cyrenaicism only holds good for a world conditioned by time and space. Except by an analogy too unsubstantial to be the basis of a living faith, it cannot be projected into a world whose comeliness, *ex hypothesi*, consists in its very antagonism to a purification from the dross of the senses. What, then, if, after all, Epicureanism is but a stage, and an early stage, in the evolution of a rounded philosophy of life? This is the constant doubt that seems to us to mark the tragedy of Pater's thought.

Even in "Marius" the problem is felt, though not faced. In "Gaston de Latour" it is more in evidence still. As the former work represented the effort to weld into some organic unity the ethic of Greece and the ritual of Christianity, so the unfinished romance aimed at testing the validity of Christian ethics at the bar of such a scepticism as that of Montaigne or such a neo-paganism as that of Ronsard. Pater, in the earlier book, had felt the need of something beyond the cultivated seriousness of Hellas. Standing in front of the "Discobolus at Rest," the gem of the Vatican sculptures, he experiences this sense of an *au delà*, and expresses it admirably in the following sentences from the posthumous volume of "Greek Studies." "Take him," he writes, "to lead you out of the narrow limits of the Greek world; you have pure humanity there with a glowing yet restrained joy and delight in itself, but without vanity, and it *is* pure. There is nothing, certainly, supersensual in that fair round head any more than in the long, agile limbs; but also no impediment, natural or acquired. To have achieved just that was the Greek's truest claim for furtherance in the main line of human development. He had been faithful—we cannot help saying, as we pass from that youthful company, in what comparatively is, perhaps, little—in the culture, the administration of the visible world; and he merited, so we may go on to say, he merited Revelation: something which should solace his heart in the irretrievable fading of that." Gaston de Latour lives in a world that has been favoured with such a Revelation. France in the time of the Valois is the theatre of his actions, or rather of his thoughts. Montaigne and Brun and Ronsard are, each in his own way, voicing the aspirations of what we call the modern world. Pantheism, scepticism, paganism—the triple offspring of that wondrous re-birth of classical culture and human liberty of thought—were in the air. Greece had known them, but their revival was no mere iteration. The Christian ideal, so potent in the dark interim, had widened and deepened thought. Ronsard, a kind of Aristippus with a cowl, and Bruno masquerading in a Dominican habit, are studied with particular zeal as illustrative of some vague kind of *entente cordiale* between the new Hedonism and a regenerated Christianity. Vain synthesis! We have Gaston meditating or anticipating some Hegelian theory of "the coincidence, the indifference of opposites." So, with a baffled eclecticism, Pater, in the persons of his "Dream Children," endeavours to hold contact with the speculative master-minds of all ages, but, in especial, of those crises in human history which seem, in the retrospect, to have marked epochs. The beauty of his style, and the charm of his fancy, colour the atmosphere of his thoughts so much that the reader may read through his "romances" as if they were delightful records of adventures in "the wood beyond the world." But this picturesqueness is, in reality, but the surface smoothness and iridescence of a stream of thought which is often sorely troubled underneath, and which, if it has shallows of wondrous clarity, has also its unplumbed depths.

TWO EXHIBITIONS.

THE practice of prefacing the catalogue of a one-man exhibition with an apology by an art-critic appears to me damaging at once to the painter and to the critic. The critic weakens his position by appearing as the paid—or unpaid—advocate of a painter whose work he may be called upon to judge in other exhibitions. Nor does the painter gain much from the somewhat non-committal attitude which the slight embarrassment of his improper position usually imposes on his apologist. Mr. Humphry Ward will scarcely care to be reminded that he once wrote a whole preface to the exhibition of a very mediocre dry-point by Mr. Menpes, after Franz Hals. What becomes of the weight that should belong to the utterances of the art-critic of the *Times* after that? And now Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse has written a note for Messrs. Boussod Valadon & Co.'s exhibition of sketches by Mr. McLure Hamilton. We learn from this note that, in Mr. Hamilton's opinion, Claude Monet has had more influence upon his art than any other painter—an indiscretion which would have been avoided if there had been no preface. The interest of this exhibition consists in some sketches from the life of Mr. Gladstone, which have considerable vivacity, and show a distinct interest in character.

The large sketch in oils of Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden editing the works of Bishop Butler is a real document. The painting, if slight, is extremely skilful. Out of the great window a purple shadow of trees slants downhill across the sunlit grass, and the old man sits before us at his desk grasping the open volume, passionately absorbed in his affair. Among the rules which the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have adopted for their guidance, the first shows a right comprehension of their functions. "The rule which the Trustees desire to lay down for themselves, in either making purchases or receiving presents, is to look to the celebrity of the person represented rather than to the merit of the artist." I cannot therefore see why the suggestion that this sketch would some day be a valuable acquisition to the National Portrait Gallery should offend anyone. The artistic merit of it is considerable, and as a document on Mr. Gladstone it has

far more worth than many a more pretentious canvas. "Mr. Gladstone Writing" is also full of character, and the thumbnail in the corner of the canvas — of the head looking up with a certain ferocity at an interruption—complements the rendering of the subject of the picture. In general, the sketches in oils are much better than the pastels. A portrait of Mr. Matthew Ridley Corbet has considerable merit. It is a pity that more selection was not used. Six of the best sketches would have increased Mr. Hamilton's reputation, while in the forty-four that are hung the extreme cheapness and vulgarity of the worst tinctures the interesting flavour of the best. The miserable joke of painting, in the costumes of a sisterhood, two faces that are obviously not sisters, or the stupidity of appeal in a picture called "The Syren," a young woman of no bearing grinning in a chair, are unworthy of an artist with the interest in character that Mr. Hamilton has shown in his pursuit of Mr. Gladstone. If Mr. Hamilton has done nothing else, he has certainly impressed Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse.

What is most striking in the exhibition of drawings now on view at the Fine Art Society's Galleries is the persistent moral of the great superiority of Charles Keene over the other line draughtsmen. It were monotonous to insist, and is almost as tiresome to write as to observe. "Je dis toujours la même chose, parce que c'est toujours la même chose." Mr. Pennell's page on Keene, in his book on pen-drawing, is ludicrously inadequate, and the drawing seems chosen at haphazard. I have just re-read Mr. Moore's article on Keene, headed "A Great Artist," and I find it deals with the subject with such insight that there is little need to say anything more on the matter in these columns. The technical perfection of these drawings no one has ever denied. It is impossible to compose better; it is impossible to have a better line; it is impossible to have a better chiaroscuro. On these points there has never been any dispute. The draughtsmen of England have on this subject been borne out in their view by the whole artistic opinion of Europe for nearly half a century. I can, however, perfectly understand the position of the person of general culture who says: "This is all very well for the likes of you and Mr. Moore, who are crazy about drawing. I am not, and these drawings have never pleased me." This is generally due to the limitations of a class-prejudice, with which the consideration of a work of art has nothing to do. Mr. Moore says, "Keene's genius saved him from the drawing-room, never allowing his gaze to wander from where English characteristics may be gathered most plentifully — the middle and lower classes." Here I think Mr. Moore's philosophy is at fault. Characteristics, human or national, can be gathered in any class. The whole question is of the artist's opportunities for observation. Neither an aristocrat nor a *rentier* becomes a great artist. The labour is much too painful to be undergone for anything but bread, though it may be continued from habit or passion. Therefore no great artist is of aristocratic society. And art is so difficult that only under constant and uninterrupted opportunities of observation can the study of it be pursued. The days when a great painter was also the King's barber are, alas! no more. And the artistic profession, as the state of a painter is now euphemised, is almost as concerned about minor achievements in social status as any actor-manager. Du Maurier painted drawing-rooms, and neither the dukes nor the dresses, neither the furniture nor the manners were right. Between him and Miss Marie Corelli there is nothing to choose. Keene painted what he, as an artist, had easy access to, and partly thence is his great superiority. Art has this of godlike, that humanity is equal before it. The somewhat embarrassed grace of a burgess's wife or daughter, dressed without taste, is as interesting and as beautiful to the artist as the good-breeding of a lady or the rusticity of a peasant. We are a little too near, unless we are artists or connoisseurs, to the fashions of Keene's days to appreciate their beauty. We think that they are out-of-date, while it is really we. I used sometimes to sit on a bench in an exhibition at Earl's Court some years ago, which was called the Spanish Exhibition, in front of an adequate copy of "Las Menenas." One by one, little groups would come round the corner—lovers, or families, or parties. No one stayed a moment. No one said a word. They passed on with a little spontaneous laugh at the droll fashions or the beautiful crinolines. Their only mental comment was "What frights!"

ST. P.

THE DRAMA.

"DONNA DIANA."

IT has occurred to Mr. Arthur Bourchier to revive a forgotten piece of Dr. Westland Marston's, *Donna Diana*, which before it was Dr. Westland Marston's had been Joseph Schreyvogel's, and before that had been Moreto's *El Desdén con el Desdén*. This Anglo-Teutonised Spanish play was produced at the Princess's, with Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Vezin as hero and heroine, in 1864—and the date, to speak in Carlylese, is significant of much. It means that the play, officially described as "poetical" because it is in blank verse, followed the Sheridan Knowles tradition rather than the Victor Hugo tradition, or, in other words, was a pseudo-romantic play, a blend of romance and common-sense, rather than a flamboyant-romantic play, a blend of romance and fantasy. This was unfortunate, because, to my thinking, for the theme of the piece flamboyant romance was clearly, as the doctors say, "indicated." The theme is wooing as a game of check and countercheck, love as an elaborate *Kriegspiel*, and this when Moreto wrote (in the generation immediately following Shakespeare's) was a highly romantic business. We have heard a good deal of the "great duel of sex" lately; but it is chiefly shown us as a rather sordid, shame-faced, hole-and-corner business, where the adversaries have taken train to the frontier, are attended by a prosaic doctor, and are in momentary fear of interruption by the police. In Moreto's day, and indeed throughout his century, it was otherwise conducted: in broad daylight, to the sound of the trumpet, and with a whole crowd looking on and applauding the hits. The cavalier swaggered in a plumed hat, practised a militant donjuanism, threw himself headlong at the foe like Henri Quatre at the gates of Cahors; the lady met the besieger with gallant *sorties*, vaunting her heart as impregnable, but yielding it without a murmur, when conquered in fair fight. The main business of the man was to prove himself sure, to show himself possessed of the greater patience, the stronger will; and he never failed to do this on the stage, because the time expected it of him. Such a conception of woman as you get, say, in Ibsen's Nora Helmer, loving a man and yet able to put aside her love by mere dint of a stronger character, a firmer grasp of the reality of things, was apparently quite unthinkable in the seventeenth century. Petruchio tamed his Katherine into love; Benedict rallied his Beatrice into it; and in this play of Moreto's Don Cæsar "bluffed" Doña Diana at the game—but the result was always the same, the submission of the woman: *Illa sub, ille super*. (Perhaps you have thought of one instance against me, Molière's Célimène; but there would be a good deal to say about that.) For this conception of love—not yet out of date, of course, nor likely to be, though we disguise it by admixture of other ingredients—I think you require a couple of magnificent animals; we must have on both sides Schopenhauer's great natural force let loose: mere lady and gentleman are not enough, and Chamfort's exchange of two fantasies and contact *de deux épidermes* does not meet the

case. That, however, is a view of the matter which did not—in 1864—occur to Dr. Westland Marston, with his respectable Sheridan Knowles blank verse and his prim middle-Victorian code of behaviour. His Don Cæsar (who should have been nourished on "Amadis de Gaule" and all Don Quixote's library) has read nothing more inflammatory than Mr. Anthony Trollope's chronicles of Barset; while Doña Diana, who should have been ready to cry "vous êtes mon lion," with her stage-sister Doña Sol, is evidently only capable of singing (in pork-pie hat, garibaldi, and crinoline) "The captain with his whiskers took a sly glance at me." Oh, 1864!

As I have said, the wooing in *Donna Diana* is a game of "bluff." The love is an affair of the head only; it is true that both parties make wry faces, and heave deep sighs, to persuade us that a volcano burns within; but there is no eruption, and I cannot get myself to believe in a passion which finds expression in nothing but a complicated series of tactics. Complicated, however, these tactics are in appearance only, through the bustle of the scene, and the crowding of event upon event: in reality they are very simple, being all obvious developments of a single plan, the plan of reciprocated, indifference, of requiting scorn with scorn, *el desdén con el desdén*. From the first we foresee for the man an easy victory; the lady, astonished at the novel spectacle of a cavalier who pretends not to care a straw about her, is piqued, then stung to force him into submission, then driven to despair as her own ferment of feeling has generated love, and love as she thinks unrequited, then finally beheld limp and helpless in the man's arms. The pity of it is that the lover's strategy, rudimentary as it is, is not his own invention; but a "tip" taken from the lady's private secretary, who in the original appears to be the typical *gracioso*, an all-important peculiarly Spanish compound of Greek chorus, Terentian "pawky" slave, and Dumasian *raisonneur*, but in the English play has degenerated into mere "comic relief"—and oh! the comic relief of 1864! Bereft of high fantasy and the glamour of romance by the English author, one cannot complain of Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the hero and heroine of the play, that they leave it so. But there is perhaps a superfluity of prose in Mr. Bourchier; the shrugs and contortions by which he seeks to express a passion which his strategy compels him to hold in check, suggest—if I may be pardoned for putting it somewhat brutally—less a heart-ache than a stomach-ache. And his costumier had played him strange tricks; I do not see why a *hidalgo* of any period should wear fleshings and a circlet like a tumbler in a circus.

A. B. W.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION IN ITALY.

THE Congress of Italian Socialists, recently held at Florence, furnishes matter for serious thought on two points. Both immediately concern the future of United Italy. One is the significant progress made by organised Socialism in towns and cities throughout the kingdom; the other is the announcement of the Socialist committees that henceforward their propaganda is to be directed mainly toward the long-suffering peasant population. A correspondent of the Paris *Temps* is authority for an official summing-up of the situation, which is sufficiently startling. One of the present Ministers—"a man of broad views, whose thought takes on at times a prophetic form"—has said, "Italy is no longer in the hands of those who made her. She will soon belong to Socialists and Clericals." Another Italian statesman, who has been "a Minister several times," adds, "If we ever have a revolution, it will be a Jacquerie!" The abandonment of violent revolutionary methods in favour of constitutional action through the suffrage has already organised German and French Socialists into political parties that come near to holding the balance of power in Parliament. The same policy is producing a like effect in Italy. At the elections of 1892 the Socialist candidates received 27,000 votes; in 1895 they had 80,000. The *Temps* correspondent assigns 20,000, and more, of these to Republicans and Radicals casting their votes with Socialists out of opposition to the Moderates in power. Even so, the Socialist strength has been doubled in three years. There are now twelve Socialist Deputies in Parliament; there is every reason to believe that the next elections will return twice as many. In 1892 the party had organisations in only 209 communes; at the Congress of the present year 450 local societies were represented. Labour exchanges, co-operative societies, and unions protective of the rights of working men have been active in all cities and industrial towns. They have succeeded best where there was least apparent cause of discontent. In Lombardy, where work is regular and wages good, in prosperous Piedmont and Tuscany, the party numbers 40,000 votes, and has twelve newspapers to spread and stimulate Socialist sentiment. It has won over the independent populations of Parma, Modena, and the Romagna, where the Republicanism of Mazzini was already being modified in the sense of Anarchy. Least progress has been made in the former States of the Church and kingdom of Naples, with their hereditary ignorance and apathy. In Sicily, with 5,000 nominal votes, the Socialist leaders claim that the whole island is ripe for any reform, however revolutionary, which will break up property as at present existing.

All this is a far graver sign of the times than a mere numbering of votes would lead one to suppose. It shows that Socialism has taken vital hold of a large, active, and intelligent portion of the Italian people. Its spread, it is true, has so far been practically limited to industrial wage-earners. But these, even if taken alone, form the class which multiplies most rapidly, and so inevitably forces its way up in our modern Democracy. It is bound to modify the traditions of the present middle classes, and to give the direction to future attempts at solving our social problems. For Italy, which is still in travail of modern civilisation, Socialism is like a new Gospel that is already everywhere in the air. The point which gives rise to most painful conjecture is the attitude of the peasant population toward Socialism. The Italian peasants have never taken an active part in the revolutions of the past. Garibaldi complained that they rendered no assistance in the making of United Italy. They have always been contented with little, and have never been accustomed to looking beyond their own narrow fields. Compulsory military service may give some of the younger men a taste for the life of towns; but, as a rule, only downright misery can drive these home-loving people to emigrate into cities or across seas. Universally there has been no class-hatred between rich and poor. Here, as in Spain, a frank and kindly intercourse has left no room for the mutual aversion and distrust which distinguish the relations between the middle and the lower classes in the rest of Europe. Until now, also, the Italian peasants have formed no part of those organised (and, for the most part, secret) societies which have hitherto controlled the political movements of their country. If all this is now to be changed, it will be because of the misery which the present *régime* cannot or will not remedy.

In Piedmont the land is divided, French-fashion, among small proprietors. In the Genoese and Tuscan territories landlord and tenant share alike in the produce of the soil, while the former takes on himself the burden of taxes, repairs, and improvements. These are the favourable exceptions, where the peasants will give ear to Socialism only because they share in the prevailing unrest. But in the

other parts of the kingdom their condition is wretched enough by itself to make them welcome any change. Sicily, where the peasant dies of hunger thirty-five years after the House of Savoy has replaced the vilified Bourbon, is forcing the Government into measures which are all but Socialist in character. The mainland of the former kingdom of Naples is little better off, while the antiquated system of land-tenure of the Roman States is a permanent hindrance to any general well-being of the peasants. Everywhere is the parasitic middleman, whose trade it is to supply the landlord and himself with money by skilfully depriving the peasant of all share, except the merest pittance, in the produce of his toil.

It is in the richest part of the kingdom that most trouble threatens. In Lombardy and the Venetian territory, where the land is also held in great estates, a high degree of prosperous cultivation has been reached. The landlord lets his property to middlemen, who farm it out for him to the peasants. Sometimes there is more than one middleman between landlord and tenant. In practice the peasant is no more than a hired labourer, receiving at most a *lira* (about ninepence) a day. Often he is paid only in kind, in Indian corn, or in oaten meal. It is this insufficient nourishment and the general want and unhealthiness of his surroundings which condemn him and his family to the living death of the *pellagra*. The Lombards are deservedly proud of the industrial and agricultural development of their region. But the time has come when they, as well as the proprietors of the great landed estates of Central and Southern Italy, should give a thought to the human mudsills on whom their prosperity reposes; for in these days of Socialism and revolutionary agitation it is even possible that human tools and mudsills should begin to think, and it is not a Congress of Florence that will suffice to restrain the action which follows thinking within the bounds of a benign Parliamentary opposition.

STODDARD DEWEY.

ON "Q.'s" CORNISH TALES.

THE light that falls where Nature bare
Yields little that the eye enthralls,
And makes a wonderland, how fair
The light that falls!
But fairer this the poet calls
The light that never lay nor e'er
Shall lie on sea or ruined walls,

On cold cliffs veiled in misty air,
Where loud the hoarse Atlantic brawls.
Lo! from the artist's soul, how rare
The light that falls!

JOHN A. GRANT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LORD ROSEBERY AND CANON MACCOLL.

SIR,—The following sentence in your last Saturday's article on "The European Peril" puzzles me exceedingly:—

"Let those who have attacked Lord Rosebery most bitterly—Canon MacColl, for example—tell us what they think of the general European situation in the face of Prince Bismarck's revelations, and what they think also of the Duke of Argyll's plea for concerted action among the European Powers, before they repeat the stale calumnies about meanness and cowardice with which they have seen fit to pelt an honest and outspoken man who has dared to tell them what he conceives to be the truth."

Where have I spoken or written "bitterly" of Lord Rosebery, or accused him of "meanness and cowardice"? I have never published anything about him this year except a casual reference or two in two signed articles in the *Daily Chronicle*. Those references express a difference of opinion; but they are entirely courteous, and make no imputation of any sort upon him. I have in some speeches at meetings in the country ventured to criticise Lord Rosebery's Edinburgh speech; but I have invariably prefaced my criticism with an expression of my admiration for Lord Rosebery himself—for his abilities, his character, his honesty and social charms. I cannot grasp what you refer to, and shall feel obliged if you will tell me. In my opinion Lord Rosebery's speech has done untold mischief, and I have said so; but that is very different from the conduct which you impute to me. Surely those who differ from Lord Rosebery's recent action have a right to say so with the frankness with which he has attacked Mr. Gladstone's speech. I have never indulged in personalities against anyone, and I have too much regard for Lord Rosebery to begin with him.

I draw conclusions opposite to yours from "the general European situation," and I have given my reasons for them in a small volume which is now passing through the press. I will only say how that the mutual suspicions and jealousies of the European Powers, as accentuated by Bismarck's revelations, prove to my mind conclusively that Lord Rosebery's diagnosis of the situation is erroneous. It is inconceivable to my mind that the Dual and Triple Alliance have had any thought of combining, or could possibly combine, in fraternal union against England; and I can find no evidence whatever for such contingent combination either in the Blue Books or out of them.—Yours truly,

MALCOLM MACCOLL.

November 3rd, 1896.

[We did not wish to imply that Canon MacColl had himself made any charges of meanness and cowardice against Lord Rosebery; but we certainly understood that he had both in speaking and writing attacked Lord Rosebery's policy with great vehemence, and had drawn contrasts between Lord Rosebery and Lord Salisbury, greatly to the advantage of the latter. As Lord Rosebery was the leader of Canon MacColl's own party at the time when he was thus criticised, we cannot think that we were wrong in regarding the opposition to him as bitter; but if Canon MacColl objects to this word, we are quite ready to replace it with the word "vehement."—ED. SPEAKER.]

CHURCH AND SCHOOL.

SIR,—I venture to think that your suggestion in a recent article on the Education Question is not one which will be accepted by the Nonconformists, and I trust it will not be accepted by the Liberal party.

You propose that rate-aid shall be granted to sectarian schools on the condition that the ratepayers shall have some control of them in "secular matters." I do not know how you are going to define "secular matters." In the view of many Nonconformists, at least, the common duties of life and the history of human conflicts and human progress are not less sacred than the Church Catechism and the Athanasian Creed—productions of very doubtful value, to which the clergy are supposed to attach peculiar sanctity.

But supposing you are able, for practical purposes, to separate the sacred from the secular, you will be met by an inflexible objection on the part of Nonconformists to allowing sacerdotalism and pseudo-Popery to be taught at the expense of the ratepayers.

It is no answer to this objection to say that the cost of teaching these superstitions is now borne by the taxpayers. The more stalwart of the Dissenters never agreed to the compromise by which this was effected, and, the compromise being broken, they will, I think, insist that those who desire to teach a particular form of religion shall do so at their own expense.

Your proposal means simply the imposition of a new Church-rate. It is possible that the wave of reaction may carry us back even to that, but it is not likely that those who by great sacrifices have obtained the abolition of that most iniquitous tax will tamely submit to its reimposition.

It should also be considered that compromise has ever been injurious to our Free Churches. The educational compromise of 1870 dealt an almost fatal blow to rural Nonconformity; and we should be very cautious as to accepting proposals for a fresh compromise in 1897.

The plain fact is that no compromise is possible between the Protestant Nonconformist and the Sacerdotalist; and, even if it were possible, it would be suicidal to accept terms while the fortunes of our party are at the lowest ebb. I trust, therefore, that the Liberal party will proceed on the well-defined principle that sectarian teaching shall not be paid for out of the rates. In this course they will receive the hearty support of Nonconformists everywhere, and they will also secure the aid of most of the farmers and occupiers of land, who will object to the new rate on other than religious grounds.

No doubt the adoption of this line of policy means a long and bitter fight, but there is nothing in the past of Nonconformity that need cause Free Churchmen to fear when contending for a principle such as is involved in this controversy.

Did space permit, I could submit some striking facts in opposition to your statement that "the religious difficulty" is an "artificial" one. In our large towns this is possibly correct, but in our rural districts, where Nonconformists are often treated

by the clergy as a kind of vermin to be exterminated if possible, the religious question is the crux of the whole business.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

J. C. Reynolds.

Paxford, Campden, October 29th.

[Our correspondent has overlooked the qualifying clauses of the article. We expressly guarded ourselves against any approval of the plan suggested by certain Churchmen, though we admitted that much worse things had been proposed. In the class of cases referred to in the last paragraph of his letter, the religious difficulty is still "artificial"; it is made by the clergy whose policy he describes.—Ed. Speaker.]

A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

Mr. John Davidson's "New Ballads."—I.

LET us consider for a moment Matthew Arnold's famous sonnet comparing Poetry with the birds of Giacopone di Todi at a public show—

"Fair was the bride, and on her front did glow
Youth like a star; and what to youth belong—
Gay raiment, sparkling gauds, elation strong.
A prop gave way! crash fell a platform! lo,
'Mid struggling sufferers, hurt to death she lay!
Shuddering, they drew her garments off, and found
A robe of sackcloth next the smooth white skin.
Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young, gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within"

—of austerity, mind you; not of self-mortification. It was a robe of sackcloth they found, not a hair shirt. To speak of poetry as a hidden ground of self-mortification would come more than half-way towards comparing it with a whited sepulchre. But austere thought and self-mortification are two very different things.

Now it seems to me that this difference is just what Mr. Davidson missed in his first remarkable book of Ballads, and now misses again in his second: that he identifies austerity of thought with self-mortification, and revolts impartially against the pair of them. It would be easy to give way to transports over the radiant apparel of his muse, to speak at length of his wealth of imagery, his felicities of language, his noble manner. But I have too much concern for his genius to waste time on poor compliments. From the first I recognised him as a poet, and have saluted him respectfully, as a mere critic may salute a poet; and the salutation holds. But the strength of one's admiration of Mr. Davidson's powers may well be the strength of one's regret for Mr. Davidson's perversities and incoherences of thought and teaching: and to my mind remonstrance in such a case is the sincerest compliment.

In his previous volume, a ballad magnificent in all but truth (or so I hold) exhibited the Mother of Christ abetting the vagaries of a Nun who broke from a convent and wandered the world merely to gratify the desire of the flesh—*savoir enfin ce que c'est un homme*. I hope that I do not write myself down a narrow Puritan by protesting (1) that this service of the Virgin Mary was morally an unsound service; and (2) that Mr. Davidson may be within his rights in holding it to be morally sound, but that he transgressed his rights in assigning it to the Mother of the Christ who proclaimed a morality not consisting in licence. Mr. Davidson is at liberty, if he choose, to construct and people his own Pantheon: he may "sit down and make a little *heaven* of his own": but he should not, I protest, take the divinities worshipped by other men and pervert these to his strange employments.

The present volume contains more than one example of perversity. Let me begin with the "New Ballad of Tannhaüser" which concludes the volume: for to this Mr. Davidson has been at pains to add a note in defence of his doctrine. He has reverted, he says, to a form of the Tannhaüser legend simpler than the "sophisticated version" best known to the world through Wagner's great opera. The main difference resides in the circumstances of the budding of the Pope's staff. The knight escapes from the Hörselberg, wins his way to Rome, and implores salvation of Pope Urban—

"He knelt—he fell upon his face.
Pope Urban said, 'The eternal cost
Of guilt like yours eternal grace
Dare not remit: your soul is lost.

"'When this dead staff I carry grows
Again and blossoms, heavenly light
May shine on you.' Tannhaüser rose;
And all at once his face grew bright.

"He saw the emerald leaves unfold,
The emerald blossoms break and glance;
They watched him, wondering to behold
The rapture of his countenance.

"The undivined, eternal God
Looked on him from the highest heaven,
And showed him by the budding rod
There was no need to be forgiven."

So back he hies him triumphantly, ecstatically, to the arms of Venus—

"And so they wait, while empires sprung
Of hatred thunder past above,
Deep in the earth for ever young
Tannhaüser and the Queen of Love."

The Italian and the Gaul may complain of the emotional coldness of our singers of the North: but by St. George and St. Andrew they *can* "go it" when they once begin! And they "go it" so dogmatically, too; quite as if they were demonstrating a theorem of Euclid;—which (as the Italian and the Gaul would possibly observe) is just where the fun comes in. The author in this case adds a note (in which, while he was about it, I could wish he had informed us if his "simpler" version be also the earlier historically. I suppose it must be, since he talks of "reverting" to it). "I have endeavoured," he says, "to present passion rather than sentiment, and once more to bear a hand in laying the ghost of an unwholesome idea that still haunts the world—the idea of the inherent impurity of nature."

But come now; this has a cousinly smell of the dear old sophism of the teetotallers, that men and women ought to be content with water because it satisfies the brute creation. Sheep, cattle and rabbits can without impurity do things which men and women could also do without impurity—*if* they were content to be even as sheep, cattle and rabbits. But, fortunately or unfortunately, they are not: and this is just what upsets the basket of arguments. The easy convenience of the life of beasts has often enough been pointed out. Walt Whitman, for instance, waxed enthusiastic over it. "*They* do not fret and whine about their condition. *They* do not wake in the dark and sweat over their sins." Undoubtedly they do not: and the result is that "not one of them is respectable or unhappy"—or, let me add, impure. Nobody can deny the attractiveness of this state of life. But theology says that man was designed for another: and history at any rate proves that he has found out another and continues to prefer it. He makes roads and bridges and ships and aqueducts and railways; he yokes the beasts to his service; he invents ideas and fights for them; he covers himself with a roof and sleeps in a safe bed; he paints pictures and writes poems. In the course of these discoveries he made a very simple one—that you cannot eat your cake and have it; that if you wish to be the master of this planet you cannot indulge in the cheerful promiscuity of a "state of nature"; and that lolling in a Venusberg is about the worst possible training for one who would build or govern cities, rule armies, or write poems. Indeed the very existence of a Venusberg, a bower of love adorned with exquisite trappings, implies its own condemnation. "Nature" has no luxuries. Without *somebody's* toil and self-abnegation where would

be the feast, the music? Those passionate gentlemen who sigh for the state of nature should take it over with all its liabilities and disabilities: should run about barefoot after their loves, from John O'Groats to Land's End, but should eschew books and railway-trains and other inventions of that social order the restraints of which they spurn.

The streets seem to me full of people, just now, who solemnly believe that when they find their desires in conflict with any public prejudice, they have only to call it a "sentiment" and its condemnation is signed and sealed. I for one begin to find this glib habit a trifle boring. "Sentiment"! Patriotism is a sentiment; and chivalrous love is a sentiment; and honour, and care for a good name. But, my dear Mr. Davidson, if we put "Sentiment" clean aside, and Religion too, there is still quite enough kick left in good old plain Common-sense to deal with your Tannhäuser. "There was no need to be forgiven." Wasn't there? If so, the less Tannhäuser he!

But I must let the further discussion of this volume stand over for another day.

A. T. Q. C.

REVIEWS.

DR. BUTLER OF SHREWSBURY.

Life and Letters of Dr. Samuel Butler, Headmaster of Shrewsbury, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield. By his Grandson, Samuel Butler. London: John Murray.

IRRELEVANCE is the besetting sin of an inexpert biographer, and with irrelevance these two bulky volumes are provokingly encumbered. We seek to learn from them the personal character and the scholastic methods of the man who regenerated the intellectual life of English Public Schools, as Arnold reconstructed their morality. We are not careful to ascertain the details of furniture and bedding required by a young schoolmaster's *ménage*, or to peruse his wife's reports on the carpets and the teapot and the cook and the newly-calved red cow. We feel scant interest in the escapades of naughty boys and the judicial floggings which ensued, or in the squabbles between parishioners and parsons referred to an Archdeacon or a Bishop. Controversies of Parr with Porson, of Monk with Blomfield, hardly illustrate a great headmaster's personality. Nine pages are given to the disappearance of a bedridden tailor, ten to the impostures of a designing undergraduate, fourteen to the Rugby syllabus of school work in pre-Arnoldian days. Letters without end are printed from nameless correspondents, raising unsolved points of no interest to any but the writers. Three Continental tours are recorded lengthily, their journals differing in no respect from the ordinary jottings of an educated traveller. The author tells us in the preface that the manuscript of his book was, by the advice of friends, "reduced by about a third" before it went to press; had the printed abridgment been further reduced by about one-half, the biography would have gained in readableness.

To the present generation Dr. Butler is hardly even a name. He is not "Samuel Butler": that was the author of "Hudibras"; he is not "Bishop Butler": that was the author of "The Analogy"; and we associate headmastership rather with the Harrow Butler of yesterday than with the Shrewsbury Butler of comparative antiquity. To understand his pre-eminence as a teacher we must go back to the early decades of the century. In 1828 Charles Wordsworth, as he tells us in his "Annals," goes in for the Ireland Scholarship; he is beaten by a Shrewsbury boy. In 1829 he tries again; is one of the seven best: the first, the second, and two others being Shrewsbury boys. In 1827, 1830, and 1833 the Ireland scholars are from Shrewsbury; in 1831 Mr. Gladstone stands: he is bracketed second with Scott of Shrewsbury, while the winner is T. Brancker, who comes up in jacket and turn-down collar, and returns next day to his place in the Sixth Form. "This is all very funny," is the future statesman's comment. At Cambridge the Porson Prize is won in 1823 by Kennedy, who was, like Brancker, still a boy at school, the same great distinction falling to Salopians six times in the next eight years. From 1820 to 1850, in Tripos, Schools, Prize Lists, the competition between Public Schools at both Universities show Shrewsbury first and the rest nowhere — the school thus distinguished being virtually the youngest in England, since when Butler came to it in 1798 it contained a single boy. Eton, Winchester, Harrow had behind them centuries of fame, methods long established and approved, vast endowments, inspiration of the *genius loci;* Shrewsbury had only Butler, inexperienced in tuition, hampered by trustees, thwarted by an incompetent second master whom he did not appoint and could not remove, and with whom for thirty years he was not on speaking terms. We search the book for the secret of this almost incredible success; for the most part we search in vain. We learn that he instituted half-yearly examinations, by which the position of the sixth form boys, hitherto moving up by seniority, was periodically changed; that he visited Oxford and Cambridge year by year to keep himself in touch with changing academic fashions; that he exacted from his assistants minute and frequent reports of each boy's progress throughout the school; but, in the eyes of a practised teacher, this is mere educational mechanism. Of his actual modes of instructing, his handling of composition lessons, his practising in scholarship and taste, his devices for enforcing and testing knowledge of the books read in class, the writer tells us nothing. Communicable his mystery must have been, for his favourite pupil and successor Kennedy, by copying his methods and continuing his system, maintained the school pre-eminence; from him or from some other surviving disciple the biographer might, one would think, have gleaned the information which scholars opening the book will most of all desiderate.

The son of a Kenilworth tradesman, he was taught at Rugby, where we hear of him as solitary, unpopular, idle, brilliant, writing without effort the best exercises of the week, and giving the last ten minutes before school to the successful preparation of a lesson. At Cambridge he was Browne and Chancellor's Medallist, beating Keate and S. T. Coleridge for the Craven Scholarship. At the age of twenty-four he became Headmaster of Shrewsbury, a school once famous in the county, but through mismanagement decayed almost to extinction. For eight years he struggled hard, the numbers increasing slowly, and the malevolent gossip of a small town assailing him with incessant calumny; but, in 1806, one of his pupils, T. S. Hughes, began the long list of distinctions at the Universities, fresh boys poured in, and for thirty years his history is a succession of triumphs. It would be impossible to enumerate the brilliant lads whom he turned out: Scott, Master of Balliol and joint author of the Greek Lexicon; Johnson, Dean of Wells; Massie and Brancker, protagonists in the once famous *Uniomachia;* Shilleto; Holden, Headmaster of Durham; Fraser, Bishop of Manchester; Lord Thring; Munro, the editor of Lucretius and Latin Professor at Cambridge, are a few out of many names which everyone will recognise as eminent. He found time amid his school duties to publish what was long the accepted School Manual of Geography, to conduct and win for his trustees a lawsuit which had dragged on for half a century, to discharge the multifarious duties of an active Archdeacon, to write long pamphlets upon Church and University Reform, to correspond with Prince Lucien Bonaparte and the all-accomplished Baron Merian on Philology, with Dr. Hook on Ecclesiastical

Polemics, with Bishop Maltby on the Reform Bill, with Dr. Arnold on the Tractarian Movement. He was an eager book-collector; we find him exchanging rare Greek Testaments with Lord Spencer, spending eighty guineas on a manuscript, entertaining bibliomaniac Dibdin. His collection of Aldines was the most complete that has ever been brought together, and it was an abiding grief to Mr. Panizzi that the Trustees of the British Museum would not sanction its purchase at his death. He was a curious gardener, as proud of his dahlias as of his books; a keen fisherman, versed in the history as well as in the practice of the gentle craft: a request from a friend for classical allusions to angling is met with three pages of reference to Homer, Plato, Theocritus, Lucian, Pollux. Interesting notices of events and men crop out. He is indignant at Dr. Hampden's treatment at Oxford, and supports him against Vice-Chancellor Gilbert. We have a portrait of Porson in his cups, passing, as the decanters empty, from eloquent dissertation to maudlin inebriety. Dr. Parr is a correspondent and a visitor; present on one occasion in the place of honour at a school festival, with buzz-wig, pipe, and triangular spittoon, the Princess Victoria and her mother come with Lord Liverpool to see the school, are harangued by the senior boy, and presented with a bouquet of porcelain flowers so perfectly imitated that "the Princess immediately smelt to them, supposing them to be natural." We go to hear Phillips, "the new bass singer," perform Shield's "Wolf," which Charles Honeyman, as we remember, applauded at Colonel Newcome's party. We learn the authorship of the two famous stanzas on Juliana's lozenges, which so tickled the Doctor that he turned them into Greek and Latin elegiacs, though how *ipecacuanha* was adjusted to the metre we are not told.

Worn out at last by six-and-thirty years of work, Dr. Butler resigned the headmastership. He had raised the numbers from one to three hundred, the income of the school from £900 to £2,600 a year; had doubled the salaries of the masters, and trebled the value of the exhibitions. He was promptly appointed by Lord Melbourne to the bishopric of Lichfield, a post beyond his bodily strength, but filled, as an unnecessarily tedious correspondence shows, with a zeal which ruined his already shaken health, and in three years' time he died. For the labour which Mr. Butler has lavished on his book all scholars may be grateful to him. A good biography it is not; but it has rescued the materials, otherwise perhaps irrecoverable, from which, if the *sacer vates* should arise, a good biography may be condensed.

SPAIN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

THE YEAR AFTER THE ARMADA, AND OTHER HISTORICAL STUDIES. By Martin A. S. Hume, F.R.Hist.S. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

WHATEVER Mr. Hume writes on the subject which he has made his own is sure to be good in substance and bright in style, if, perhaps, a trifle slangy; never better or brighter than when he is correcting or exposing some of the many misstatements, misunderstandings, or downright blunders which the late Professor Froude persuaded the credulity of the country to accept as history. In several of the essays included in this volume he has free scope for his talent, for Professor Froude was never weary of telling how the quarrel between England and Spain was one of Protestant fervour with Popish bigotry, and how, of all Papists, the most ignorant, most bigoted, and most cruel was Philip II. of Spain, whose worst characteristic was said to be his punctual attention to the ordinances of his religion. The presentment of the quarrel as arising out of political differences and clashing interests; of Philip as a courteous and debonair, if somewhat narrow-minded, king; and of Drake and his fellow corsairs as men with a keener eye to plunder than to piety, is enough to make the preacher of Protestantism turn in his grave. For Mr. Hume not only so presents the quarrel and the actors in it, but, with his intimate and exhaustive knowledge of the original records, he proves his statements with relentless force and accuracy. In "The Coming of Philip the Prudent" the story of the marriage of Philip and Mary is admirably told from the relations and letters of different members of the Prince's suite, one of whom, a sartorially-minded valet, gives a minute description of the Prince's garments; and another, a gentleman of the Court, tells how he thought the English ladies not by any means handsome, and their black stockings and short skirts, showing their legs up to the knees, positively indelicate. The Prince was not so difficult to please as his gentleman, and kissed the Queen's ladies all round, twice over, to show his approval of English customs.

A more peculiarly Spanish chapter, and one which will come as absolutely new to most English readers, is that entitled "A Fight against Finery"—a history of the sumptuary laws in Spain, in which the author has traced the varying fashions in the peninsula from the time of Don Jaime of Aragon or Alonzo the Wise of Castile. Sumptuary laws have in all times and in all countries proved ineffective, and those in Spain were not less so than elsewhere as far as the object intended was concerned. They did not succeed in limiting the outrageous extravagance of the men or women, but they succeeded to admiration in trampling out the growing industries of the country. In 1495 an order was issued in the name of "the Catholic kings" forbidding as before, and in very definite terms, the wearing of extravagant apparel; but in endeavouring to strike at the root of the evil, it forbade "the introduction and sale of every sort of gold and silver tissue, and rendered criminal the exercise in Spain of the industry of embroidering or weaving gold, silver, and every other metal." Now, according to Mr. Hume, "the Christianised populations of the south of Spain were greatly excelling already in this industry. Their gold embroideries on velvet were in great demand for church vestments and royal trappings all over Europe. The beautiful half-Oriental tissues of Andalusia were eagerly sought for in every Court; gold was just beginning to find its way direct to Spain from the new-found Indies; and if the industry had remained untrammelled, there was no reason why the country should not have provided the world with textile splendours, to its own great advantage." The deft fingers of the Andalusians, forbidden to work in gold or silver embroidery, took to working in silk, "whereby," the Cortes represented to the Queen, "the people were tempted to squander their money on useless finery." At that time the Spanish silk factories were the finest in Europe, and great quantities of silk were produced in the south-east parts; but in 1499 an order was given out "stringently forbidding the manufacture, sale, or use of silk, except for lining." The law was afterwards relaxed so far as the use of silk was concerned: people were allowed to wear it; but the prohibition on the manufacture remained, and the industry was killed. The same fate struck every industry concerned with textile fabrics. The orders against wearing any particular stuff were coupled with orders prohibiting their manufacture, and these could be and were enforced, while the others were dead letters; and thus it was that "Spain, flooded with the precious metals from the Indies, richer, perhaps, in actual bullion than ever a country was before or since, with home-grown silk in abundance, and the most deft and tasteful weavers in the civilised world, was obliged to import its manufactured gold and fine stuffs from abroad, whilst its own humbler citizens languished amidst the wealth they were not allowed to earn." The growing of flax in Galicia and the manufacture of fine linen was killed in the same way; and as fine

linen continued to be worn, it was imported from Flanders and from France. The industries so crushed never revived, and the present poverty of Spain may be thus attributed to this foolish and iniquitous legislation of three and four hundred years ago. Of the other essays, "The Exorcism of Charles the Bewitched" is an account of the last days and the intrigues which surrounded the deathbed of Charles II. of Spain; "A Sprig of the House of Austria" relates the method of nurture and education of an illegitimate son of Philip IV., a child of great promise who did not live to fulfil it; and the volume ends with an abstract of the diary of one Richard Bere, a drunken, disreputable man about town, whose only connection with history is that the brother of his sister's husband was that Christopher Fogg who was Benbow's flag captain in the notorious action with Du Casse, and was suspended for the part he took. With the exception of this last, which seems to have been put in merely as padding, or to make up the number of pages to 376, the whole book is extremely interesting, and at once instructive and amusing.

THE EXPLOITATION OF AFRICA.

TWO CAMPAIGNS: MADAGASCAR AND ASHANTEE. By Bennett Burleigh. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

TIMBUCTOO THE MYSTERIOUS. By Felix Dubois. Translated from the French by Diana White. London: William Heinemann.

IN this world of imperfect education the Special Correspondent is one of the most important of geographical instructors. He it is who has opened up Central Asia—at least, to the ken of Western Europe; and we need not speak of the services of a distinguished member of the profession in Central Africa. Two or three of the fraternity—the veteran Gallenga was one of them—have told us much about South America; and as to Europe, we are only waiting for the next great war to improve our knowledge. Mr. Bennett Burleigh has done what every special correspondent must do in the first instance: he has made his matter readable. It is rather slight, or at least rather diffuse, now and then, and occasionally we get a sentence that will not quite admit of analysis. But he has so recast his articles as to produce a book of very considerable value, which will make many of us bitterly lament the blindness—fostered for their own purposes, Mr. Burleigh thinks, by the semi-French officials of Mauritius—which allowed an island in which there were such considerable British interests to pass out of our reach, and finally enabled Lord Salisbury deliberately to trade away our claims in it for a free hand in respect of the far less valuable East African possessions which have fallen to our lot in the scramble for Africa.

To summarise a volume of which the leading topics are so familiar is hardly worth while. But there is a singularly vivid and graphic account of the first sight of the island: a country of grassy hills, shrubs and trees, a bold coast-line, and—wonderful for Africa—many streams and cascades of delightfully pure water; a charming land, indeed, to the traveller fresh from the parched shores of Cape Colony. The account of the people and the conduct of the war leaves us the same impression. Here are great capacities and potentialities for good, skilled workmen, kindly people, with their own failings, no doubt, and an odd crust of Methodist Christianity over a considerable amount of uneradicated original heathenism, barbarous observances, fetichism, and minor vices down to cock-fighting; a kingdom with no roads, and yet with grand pianos (and clockwork toys), in the Royal drawing rooms of its capital; of much native patriotism, defeated in this case by Palace intrigue; of kindliness and friendliness towards foreigners such that the country during the war was "ridiculously safe" even for French subjects or carriers of gold-dust; an unstable combination of a dominant and many subject races, of piety and intrigue, of sensible adoption of foreign goods and stupid jealousy of the foreigner—a country of boundless natural resources imperfectly appreciated, and now controlled by a nation whose colonising ability is not of the present, but of the past or future. Will the French use their opportunity? We trust they may; but the gross mismanagement of their expedition, and the chaos to which they have reduced the once peaceable island, give us scant hope.

Of the sketch of the Ashantee expedition, which is—perhaps rather clumsily—tacked to the volume, we need only say that it is as vivid and as graphic as the larger section, and in its details, if not in its leading features, as satisfactory to British pride in Tommy Atkins and his deeds as anyone could desire. What we think of the treatment of Prempeh and of the purpose of the campaign was said when the events were reported, and need not be repeated here. But at least we have some things to be proud of; and we may well be thankful for the clearance made of certain hideous and sanguinary traces of the native religion. We may notice, by the way, that Mr. Burleigh is probably the first correspondent who went through a campaign on a bicycle.

M. Felix Dubois is apparently not a special correspondent, but he writes like one, and he makes an attractive and interesting book, adorned with humorous touches which, though commonplace enough, do not fail to amuse. He travelled from Dakar, the port of Senegal, through its capital, St. Louis, across to the Niger, partly by railways of various sorts, including a Décauville line, and partly on a white horse, which, being hastily equipped with a scarlet saddlecloth, took that colour indelibly. He then ascended that river, diverging through the region of canals and lagoons which lies on its right bank to the island city of Jenné, which, as he describes it, is far more "mysterious" and picturesque than Timbuctoo itself. Founded, as he maintains, by fugitives from Egypt at the time of the Arab conquest of that country, it seems to be the true centre of the native civilisation, and we gather that Timbuctoo shines with its reflected glory, being, indeed, merely a depôt and distributing centre for the strange and bounteous land of which Jenné is the chief town. Here, if we are to believe M. Dubois, is a French possession which is of enormous potential value—indeed, we infer, equal to Madagascar or Tonquin—and which has not the record of disaster and mismanagement that stains the history of both these colonies. M. Dubois tells the story of the French conquest; says much about Mungo Park, Barth, and René Caillée, an early explorer, to whose work he ascribes a much higher value than is usual; and altogether gives a roseate picture of the present and future of this part of the French Soudan. Indeed, his work is so picturesque and so roseate that we cannot but take it with considerable deductions. No other African traveller has come before us as a tourist, or represented his trip as one long holiday. But, at any rate, the book is readable, it is attractive, and it contains a great many very interesting photographs. It opens up the French Soudan to the English reader, and gives him impressions which, though he may have to correct them by-and-by, are better than blank ignorance.

ANTHROPOLOGY FOR THE GENERAL READER.

THE HISTORY OF MANKIND. By Professor Friedrich Ratzel. Translated from the second German edition by A. J. Butler. With an Introduction by Professor E. B. Tylor. Illustrated. Vol. I. London: Macmillan & Co.

THERE is at the present time a noticeable increase of interest in anthropology in this country, but there is a dearth of elementary books on the subject.

The only popular works which dealt systematically with the arts and crafts, customs, and beliefs of the various uncivilised races of mankind were the well-known "Natural History of Man," by the Rev. J. G. Wood, and the less satisfactory "Races of Mankind," by Dr. Robert Brown. During the last quarter of a century our knowledge has increased so greatly that a new work was urgently required, and it was the recognition of this fact that led to the introduction of Ratzel's "Völkerkunde" to English readers. The work has had a large sale in Germany, and has been favourably received by anthropologists of standing all the world over; therefore, it is no obscure nor unknown book that has been translated.

The first volume, which is at present the only one published, is divided into two books, the first of which deals with the "Principles of Ethnography" and the second with the so-called "American-Pacific Group of Races." The former is an admirable survey of ethnography, the subject being treated comprehensively and philosophically, while at the same time it is written in an interesting and very suggestive manner. In most cases the author takes a common-sense view of problems where it would be easy to yield to the temptation of adopting extreme or startling interpretations. His reading has undoubtedly been very extensive, but there are several monographs and careful studies of important social and religious problems which appear to have entirely escaped his notice, such, for examples, as Westermarck's admirable "History of Human Marriage," and Frazer's "Totemism" and "Golden Bough." These and many other memoirs and essays of importance may have been overlooked by Ratzel, owing to their being written in English, but we might have expected the translator to indicate them to his English readers. The latter half apologises for a few notes he has inserted; we incline to the view that his apology should rather be that he has not supplemented his author to a greater extent. We may instance the following as an example. In certain parts of Melanesia, girls on reaching puberty are confined within little huts, they are not allowed to see the sun, and only old women have access to them. Ratzel admits this is "a custom hard to explain" (p. 271). Here a reference to Frazer's "Golden Bough" would have been very helpful to the reader; the latter author describes analogous customs in various parts of the world, and offers a satisfactory explanation of them (Vol. II., p. 241).

The question of giving references to authorities in a popular book is admittedly a vexed one. Some readers object to have footnotes, as they find them distracting their attention from the text. There is very little objection to a fairly complete list of authors being appended to the end of each chapter or section, to which reference numbers might or might not be inserted in the text. The History of Mankind is too extensive a subject to be popular in the lowest sense of the term; it can only appeal to intelligent readers, many of whom, it may be presumed, would occasionally like to pursue certain aspects of the subject with more thoroughness than is possible in this book. When such a reader comes across the statement that "Tylor has collected statistics indicating that the curious practice whereby the husband avoids and refuses to know the wife's parents, and especially his mother-in-law, appears almost exclusively in cases where he enters the wife's family," he would naturally, but fruitlessly, turn to that writer's larger works; but a short reference to the Journal of the Anthropological Institute, Vol. XVIII., would introduce him to a valuable paper.

It is disappointing to find that a very promising field of anthropological inquiry which has recently been opened up is entirely passed by. The evolution and meaning of decorative art is so fascinating and far-reaching a subject that it should not have been neglected. Our knowledge is certainly very limited, but it is scarcely correct to say that "Polynesia presents an astonishing abundance of carved work which, unhappily, with its enigmatic fancy is to us a seven times sealed book" (p. 71), as the labours of Stolpe, Colley March, and C. H. Read have broken some of the seals. The distribution of complex curves in the decorative art of New Guinea is coincident with certain race movements; it is by no means so universal as is implied by Ratzel. We read "the concentric curve . . . has a decided advantage over any attempts at copying Nature" (p. 250); yet Haddon has proved for the extreme south-east of British New Guinea, where spirals and other curves are extremely abundant, that these are all derived from representations of the head of the frigate-bird. Uhle has shown that scroll designs in parts of Netherlands New Guinea are largely derived from the human form or from crocodiles, and in German New Guinea many curved patterns arise from a shark motive. We are told that "echoes of New Zealand meet us . . . in the clubs of Eastern New Guinea" (p. 178); and on p. 201 a spoon for stirring food, from the latter district, is said to be "carved with a Maori design," whereas it is an exceptionally clear example of the bird's head design, a motive which is entirely lacking in Maori art: it is a not uncommon error to suppose that there is some connection between the decorative art of New Zealand and that of the south-eastern peninsula of New Guinea.

The translation appears to have been, on the whole, well done; but one sometimes comes across awkward sentences, as for example: "The Malagasies must have lost much of the art of shipbuilding, though they once suffered it to reach their island" (p. 171); and again, in describing the pottery of New Guinea and Fiji, "The wonderful wealth of forms is based not so much on recollection of the very similar South American shapes, as on immediate imitation of Nature." How can a Melanesian savage remember the shape of a South American pot that neither he nor his ancestors ever saw?

In a second edition certain zoological slips should be corrected, such as "opercula" of a tridacna shell (p. 203), "toucan" for "hornbill" (p. 230). The name of Torres Islands should not be applied to the islands in Torres Straits, as is done on pp. 51, 182, 184, 245, but should be retained for the cluster in the New Hebrides. Another blemish in the book is the lack of sufficient references to the illustrations.

Although the editing of the book has not been so rigorous as it should have been, we must thank the publishers for issuing this work, which deserves to have a wide sale. It will certainly stimulate an interest in ethnography, and must for some time remain the standard work on the subject. Finally, we may give unstinting praise to the numerous and accurate illustrations; and the get-up of the book is all that can be desired.

THE HARE, AND MANY FRIENDS.

THE HARE. By Rev. H. A. Macpherson, Hon. G. Lascelles, C. Richardson, J. S. Gibbons, G. A. Longman, Colonel Kenney Herbert. (Fur and Feather Series.) London: Longmans, Green & Co.

NOT more than four persons, this book avers, should be set down to eat a hare, but it seems that six are required to describe it. A Rev. writes its natural history, an Hon. teaches how to shoot it, three gentlemen lay down rules for hunting it, while a Colonel in the army, well known as "the Nose of Haut-gout and the Tip of Taste," follows its carcase into the kitchen and instructs the cook to dress it. A touch of hero-worship is thought to be essential in a biographer, and the hare is not the least bewitching amongst our furred English wildings. Its beauty, cunning, speed, playfulness, have inspired the pencil of Joseph Wolf and the pen of the Son of the Marshes; while pilgrims to Olney still linger round the hole in the

hall wainscoting through which Tiny, Puss, and Bess were wont to scamper a hundred years ago. Our authors love their subject, but they "love it like pie," as Miss Notable loved Tom Neverout; love it exclusively and avowedly for the pleasure which it yields to lower human instincts—by its terrors, tortures, struggles in the field, by its succulence at table.

The natural history of the hare abounds with uncertainties. Whether the brown hare of England and the blue hare of Ireland and Scotland are distinct species or local varieties, whether the marked differences notable between English, Mediterranean, and Russian hares are specific or accidental, the external characteristics of sex, the periods of gestation, and the number of births, are all points which a monographer would do well to clear; but Mr. Macpherson leaves them undecided. His facts are mostly secondhand; as that hares will clear ten feet at a bound when pressed, that the human eye fascinates and paralyses them, that they are active swimmers, that they will scrape away the snow to devour the *flowers* of the *Ononis*, a statement botanically questionable. And from life-history he soon passes off to what seems incongruous with his department—the protective laws against leporicide in the past, the various methods of poaching in the present, and the iniquity of Sir William Harcourt's Ground Game Act. This last parable is taken up by Mr. Lascelles, who looks upon the Act as primarily responsible for the rural exodus and the congestion of the towns, and reverts lovingly to the glorious days, now extinct for ever, when four guns on a single manor could slaughter 585 hares, with an equal number of pheasants. Amongst all the brutalities of sport, Coursing has always seemed to us the most indefensible. Shooting, when not cockneyfied into a battue, has its picturesque, creditable, salutary side; Charles Kingsley following the hounds may be set against Cowper's "reeking, roaring hero of the chase"; but coursing brings out no good human qualities, ministers to no healthy human instincts; its charm, apart from the gambling which it begets, consists in gloating over the agonised efforts of a perfectly harmless animal chased, with all the odds against it, by pursuers bred and elongated for the sole purpose of tormenting it. It is not, therefore, Mr. Richardson's fault that his chapters fail to palliate the cruelty or to illuminate the pastime, padded as they are with twenty-three pages of bye-laws which every member of a coursing club would as a matter of necessity possess and which no one else could care to read. Mr. Longman writes briefly on Beagling. With the artless confession that his subject has been exhausted in the Badminton Library, he falls back on depicting the vicissitudes of a day's sport in a style no better and no worse than appears at the beginning of each hunting season in the columns of the *Sporting Mag.* Best in the book by far is Mr. Gibbons's chapter on Harriers. It is well phrased, enlivened by literary touches, and brings out the *science* inherent in what Sir T. Browne calls "Venations"; but his defence of it as a "national institution" would bring back badger-drawing, bull-baiting, and cock-fighting. Colonel Kenney Herbert's gastronomic chapter is a series of elaborate recipes, tinctured with deep emotion as he recalls the "sumptuous gluttonies and gorgeous feasts" in which his *marinades* and *purées* and *râbles de lièvre* have borne a part. We may point out to him a misprint in the Abbé Morellet's aphorism on p. 249, and remind him that the phrase "flashes of silence" was invented by Sydney Smith before Abraham Hayward's pen had begun to enliven the Reviews.

There is something pathetic in the unconscious indictment of their Order presented by these writers. To those who read unbiassed by the fanaticism of Sport, they justify the "Barbarian" chapter of Matthew Arnold, and Tregarva's terrible lines in "Yeast." On a wide audience they can hardly count; but when their books, albeit long forgotten, shall find their way to the auctioneer at the dispersal of the Last Squire's possessions some sixty years hence, we wonder what posterity will think of them? Pictured in them will be the lives of nineteenth-century country gentlemen, not caricatures or satires like the sketches of an earlier time—like Addison's Tory foxhunter or Fielding's Squire Western—but written for and by themselves: lives, so far as will appear, unjustified by beneficent sacrifice, unennobled by patriarchal duties; lives made endurable by shooting and sustained by cookery; lives in which cruel sport and selfish epicurism have crowded out all records of literary leisure, of social reform, of philanthropic energy. The impression will not be uniformly true; but all that is written here, in its tone of ethical comment even more than in its enthusiasm of description, will proclaim that the magnates it commemorates had long outlived their time, and that Democratic England, in its development of fraternal aspiration and its consciousness of collective patriotism, will have done well to weed them out, along with the foxes they hunted, the hares they tortured, the territorial exclusiveness they abused.

FICTION.

SENTIMENTAL TOMMY: THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD. By J. M. Barrie. London: Cassell & Co.

TAQUISARA. By F. Marion Crawford. In 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

MR. BARRIE is one of the wise few among popular writers of the day who do not allow themselves to be tempted into over-production. "Sentimental Tommy" represents, we believe, three years of more or less continuous work. Apart, therefore, from the reputation which its author has gained in the field of letters, the book comes to us, not as a trifle thrown off by the facile pen of the ready writer, but as a conscientious and serious piece of work not to be dealt with in a hurry by the haphazard reviewer. What is the impression which the book leaves upon the mind of the reader? It is somewhat complex. The first thought is of the extraordinary originality and unconventionality of a tale the like of which the press has not produced for many a year. The sated novel-reader may not find this originality wholly to his liking. For him the conventional plot, the hero, the villain, the heroine, and the inevitable wedding-bells, are the adornments of fiction that he prizes most highly, and there are none of these things in "Sentimental Tommy." But when the average reader has got over his disappointment at the nature of the story, he will, if he has even a moderate amount of intelligence, begin to realise the fact that this book has some wonderful merits, and that it has them in a degree almost unexampled in modern literature. Its power is astounding. As one reads, the story grows in interest and fascination and, plot or no plot, grapples the reader and holds him spell-bound till the last page is reached. But power is only one of its characteristics. From beginning to end it is brimming over with humour, whilst lurking beneath every passage that compels a smile are those thoughts which lie too deep for tears. Of the pathos of the book this must be said at once, it is absolutely unforced. There is nothing of the whine of the mendicant or the bleat of the professional dealer in cheap tears in these pages. It follows that this pathos strikes more deeply into a man's heart than the long-drawn moanings of the writer who feels that he has to be pathetic in order to keep the ear of his readers. Finally, in "Sentimental Tommy" there are passages of such rare literary beauty that we seem to be making the acquaintance of a new master of style, who can teach us something we never knew before about the capacity of

that language which he wields so deftly. It may be a question whether the book will achieve that immediate popularity that "The Little Minister," for example, secured; but, whatever may be its fate among the subscribers to the circulating libraries, there can be none as to the judgment which will be passed upon it by those who are competent to judge. Something has been added to the treasures of our literature—something that no wise man will henceforth part with. Mr. Barrie's object has been to furnish us with a study of the artistic temperament, the temperament which possesses the great gift of sympathy so fully that its owner unconsciously assimilates himself in succession to every passer-by who chances to catch his fancy. We can well believe that when he first began the story of "Sentimental Tommy" he meant to tell the full history of his hero's life within the limits of this volume; but so greatly has his subject grown upon him, that his narrative breaks off when Tommy is barely at the end of his boyhood. It is, consequently, a study of child-life that we have in these pages, and we do not know that in any other book in the language that life has been treated with greater tenderness or a more unerring insight. Tommy Sandys may not be a creation, but that is simply because he is so real and so consistent in his very variety of mood and deed that it is impossible to treat him as being other than a living personage. He has become, through the publication of this story, one of our typical boys, a standard by which youth of a certain cast of character may henceforth measure itself. Mr. Barrie's sympathy with childhood is well known, but it has never produced such brilliant fruit as here. There is, however, one episode in the story—if episode it can be called—that outshines even the scenes in which Tommy plays the most prominent part. That is the episode of the Painted Lady. It seems strange to find Mr. Barrie handling so delicate and dangerous a theme, but the skill and the purity and the infinite tenderness with which he handles it abundantly justify his courage. Think of what Zola would have made of such an episode, and then compare Zola's treatment with Barrie's. We shall undoubtedly have the sequel to this story in due time. Tommy and Grizell, the wonderful child-heroine upon whom the author has lavished all his powers, cannot be allowed to part from us so quickly. We shall hear of them again, and trace them through those fuller years to which as yet they have not attained. In the meantime "Sentimental Tommy" will remain a treasure and a delight to all who can appreciate the genius of its author—a book not to be read once only, but to be opened again and again whenever the troubled soul seeks for rest and change in that magic world which only the wand of a genius can reveal to us.

In "Taquisara" Mr. Marion Crawford, abandoning his usual practice, gives us a story which is not only strong and dramatic, as most of his stories are, but which has about it an element of sordid villainy in which he has not hitherto shown himself to be at home. The Count and Countess Macomer have living with them in their palace at Naples two near relatives—the Count's brother Bosio, and the niece of the Countess, Donna Veronica Serra, Princess of Acireale in her own right. The Princess is a great heiress, one of the richest in Italy, and her uncle, Count Macomer, has been her guardian. His reputation for honesty and sagacity stands high, but, as a matter of fact, he is both a fool and a rogue, and, with the knowledge of his wife, he has robbed the young Princess shamelessly. When the story opens she has come of age, and detection and punishment threaten the fraudulent couple. In their eager desire to escape their doom, they concoct a plot of infernal wickedness. To begin with, they induce her to make a will leaving all her property to her aunt. Having done this, they determine that she shall either marry Bosio, the Count's brother, or die. Bosio has for many years been the secret lover of his sister-in-law, and he loves her still. Apart from this intrigue, his life is beyond reproach, and he feels a sincere pity for the young girl who must either marry a man old enough to be her father, who has no love to give her, or have her life taken by her wicked relatives. It is to save that life, and also to save the woman whom he loves from certain disgrace that he reluctantly becomes a party to the plot and allows himself to be proposed to the beautiful young Princess as her husband. To his own great surprise, Veronica accepts the proposal, and he finds himself betrothed to her. On the very evening of the betrothal his conscience asserts itself, and, mad with shame at the thought of the crime at which he is about to connive, he blows his brains out. There only remains murder as a means of saving the fame and fortune of the Count and Countess. It is murder accordingly to which they resort, and the story of their plot, and the manner in which it is attempted, is told by Mr. Marion Crawford in chapters which recall nothing so forcibly as the most powerful passages in the writings of Wilkie Collins. The girl escapes with her life. Indeed, the incidents we have briefly described occupy only the earlier portion of the story. Rescued from her fraudulent guardians, she begins her own life, and with it a love-story at once ingenious and delightful; but it will be seen from what we have said that in "Taquisara" Mr. Crawford has broken new ground, and shewn himself in a new character. No one can dispute the power of the story, and it must be admitted that its grim beginning is relieved by the brighter atmosphere in which most of the subsequent scenes are laid. Still, we confess that we are rather sorry to find so delightful a writer as Mr. Marion Crawford meddling at all with materials of this kind.

MORE NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

THE *Nineteenth Century* seems to vary from month to month more than its fellows in the interest and importance of its contents. This month it is almost oppressively excellent; at least a third of its contents are of the very highest class, and there is practically no "mere padding." To the opening article, by M. Francis de Pressensé, reference has been made elsewhere. Three other articles deal with the great question of the day: M. Duran Kélékian gives (in French) a vivid picture of the chaos of different irregular councils which take part in influencing the Government—each spying on every other, and "the Palace" being now a collective name for no less than twelve thousand persons, all interested in the continuance of maladministration so long as it favours themselves—and proposes as a remedy a collective European control, with administrative decentralisation. If the Ambassadors, M. Kélékian thinks, are authorised to treat the Sultan not as a Sovereign but as "*un condamné*," leaving him his nominal headship on condition that he accepts their demands, their work will be easy; but European action must be prompt and energetic. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt proposes a European Congress to deal with Turkey as well as Egypt; while Sir Edmund Du Cane communicates a proposal of General Gordon, dated 1881, to give the Turks further constitutional rights—a proposal strengthened by what we now know of Midhat's constitution, but hardly likely, we fear, to commend itself to the Continental masters of the situation. Sir John Gorst's article on "The Voluntary Schools" declares that nearly all the features of the unfortunate Bill of last Session were taken from previous Bills—notably from Lord John Russell's Bill of 1853—and insists on the necessity of giving to the Voluntary Schools an Act that shall be adequate, permanent, and elastic. The stress he lays on the need for federating them is the only point in the article with which we can agree. If the provisions of last Session's Bill were really drawn from Bills of forty

years ago, that only emphasises our opinion of its wholly unpractical character. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb's careful examination of arbitration in labour disputes leads to the conclusion that the immediate future lies rather with conciliation. Professor Mahaffy's "Modern Babel" contains much protest, with which we wholly disagree, against the modern revival of national languages, including Irish, which is a leading feature of present-day nationalist agitations. But it must be admitted that it is rather hard for a student of science to have to learn Magyar and Russian, or to go without the fruits of much valuable research; and that there is a strong case for a universal language of Science—which we agree with him in hoping will be English. Mrs. Besant's "Conditions of Life after Death"—based, we presume, on the reports of occultists "who have been there"—is specific enough for Plato.

Cosmopolis, too, is excellent this month. We cannot find much to comment on in Mr. Greenwood's "Sentiment in Politics," or M. Melchior de Vogüé's "Visite du Tsar à Paris," though the former may be reminded that England is "in a less commanding position than at Mr. Gladstone's fiftieth birthday," partly because Germany has been consolidated since that date, while other nations have increased, absolutely or relatively, in strength. Mr. Norman's "Globe and the Island" is a notable and emphatic tribute to Lord Rosebery's speech, and is specially interesting as to the prospect of American intervention in Cuba. Not the least among the merits of *Cosmopolis* is that it gets popular articles from Professor Mommsen; though his article on Gallus, the Augustan poet and soldier, is more interesting for its incidental remarks on Augustan Egypt and the men of the new *régime* than for its main subject. Two other articles which demand notice—though their topic will be ancient history by the time these lines are printed—are Mr. A. H. Byles's admirably lucid description of the cumbrous machinery of a Presidential contest in the United States, and Herr Theodore Barth's extremely graphic and amusing description, based on direct observation, of the contest itself. The latter article is an unexpected revelation of German journalistic power.

The *National Review* must pass with but brief notice. "A Layman" laments bitterly the treatment received by the Church from the present Unionist Government. The Education Bill he contemptuously describes as a mere composition with Church creditors—and a composition, too, that has not been paid. In all minor matters affecting the Church he finds the grossest indifference on the part of the Government and the Unionist party; and, unless Churchmen put pressure on their members he has no hope for the future. Here, indeed, is a real cleavage in the Unionist ranks far exceeding in its possibilities that cleavage which "A Conservative M.P.," in the next article, predicts as the result of Lord Rosebery's recent action. Mr. Diggle, starting with the premiss (which Liberal educationists will contest) that Voluntary and Board Schools render an equality of service, reaches conclusions which Liberals should study, but which no Government is likely to succeed in carrying out. Other noteworthy articles are Mr. H. W. Wilson's "Trafalgar and To-day"—alarmist, as a Navy Leaguer should be; Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's suggestion for the treatment of the nucleus probably left after partition of the Turkish Empire—far too drastic for the Powers; Mr. Shadwell's examination of the effect of cycling on trade, which prophesies that the resultant depression is not likely to be permanent except in the trades connected with horses—which is good news for the horses; and Mr. Holland's combination of severe criticism of the London Water Supply as it is, with very moderate suggestions for its amelioration.

In *Blackwood's Magazine*, "Among Dikes and Dunes" is a capital article on the tourist district of Holland, while "Father Jerome Vaughan" deals with the work of the virtual founder and first Prior of the great Abbey and school at Fort Augustus, so well known to travellers by the Caledonian Canal. Protestants may smile at its unlovely picture of petty jealousies and feuds in the Roman Church.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

THE roving Englishman is responsible for the making of many books, and the last and not the least excellent of them describes a journey "From Batum to Baghdad." Mr. Walter Harris is an old traveller, who has knocked about the world, and has picked up in consequence, through personal observation, a great deal of knowledge of men and manners, especially in the highways and byways of the East. His "Journey through the Yemen" sent us to his present record of travel with high anticipations, and though the style of the narrative is, in parts at least, a little unkempt, not to say careless, the book gives a lively, quick-witted, and intimate picture of a corner of the globe which still lies to a remarkable extent off the beaten track. Avowedly, for many reasons, Mr. Harris has avoided in these lively and picturesque pages political controversy on the vexed question of the Armenians and their treatment by the Turkish Government. Constantinople has the reputation of being one of the most beautiful cities in the world; but, after all, it is a place to which distance lends enchantment to the view, and the deck of a steamer on the Bosphorus is, perhaps, the best coign of vantage for a traveller who is not hardened to unsavoury smells. "Twelve years ago the bridge between Galata and Stamboul was a sight worth seeing; to-day it is but an unsavoury and dirty crowd of ill-clad poverty and overfed officialdom that one sees there. Even the poorest class seem to have adopted European costume, which appears to consist of the cast-off clothes of the beggars of Europe." It is not, however, about Constantinople, but of Tiflis, Tabriz, and Persian Kurdistan that Mr. Harris has most to say, and it must be confessed that the pictures which he gives of places and people are realistic and powerful. We should like to wander through the bazaars of Tabriz, for they contain every variety of native life and much rich, fantastic native merchandise. Oddly enough, there is not a solitary Jew to be found chaffering there, for the fanaticism of the people renders their presence dangerous; and, moreover, the Armenians, when they take to money-lending and usury, display a degree of plausible cunning which might turn the most favoured child of Abraham green with envy. One great drawback to the guileless stranger's enjoyment of the bazaars of Tabriz consists of the scowling looks and muttered curses which everywhere greet him. "I was on more than one occasion unable to make purchases in the shops, on the owners refusing to have dealings with an infidel. So fanatical are the natives that it is impossible to obtain a cup of tea or coffee, and generally even a drink of water, unless one has one's own cup to drink it out of." Yet the people of Tabriz, in spite of their arrogant bearing, are quite alive to the signs of the times, and are even ready to admit that the day is not far distant when the Russian Cossack will parade their streets. Mr. Harris declares that in all his travels he has never yet seen anything to equal the low standard of government and the cruelty of every sort which prevail in modern Persia. He describes the corruption and oppression in particular of the outlying provinces of that empire, and the villainous conditions under which the people live. He thinks that the sooner Russia

* FROM BATUM TO BAGHDAD, VIA TIFLIS, TABRIZ, AND PERSIAN KURDISTAN. By Walter B. Harris, F.R.G.S., Author of "A Journey Through the Yemen," &c. Illustrated. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons.

THE GOSPEL IN BRIEF. By Leo Tolstoï. Translated from the Russian Original. London: Walter Scott, Ltd.

THE BIRTH AND BOYHOOD OF JESUS. By George F. Pentecost, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE METHOD OF S. SULPICE FOR THE ORGANISING OF CATECHISMS. Translated into English. London: Griffith, Farran, Browne & Co.

HOW TO BE HAPPY AND MAKE OTHERS HAPPY. By Otto Funcke. Translated by Sophia Taylor. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

THE CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOUR BIRTHDAY-BOOK. Compiled by Florence Witts. London: The Sunday School Union.

A MANUAL OF GERMAN COMMERCIAL CORRESPONDENCE. By S. E. Bally. London: Methuen & Co.

WOOD-CARVING. By Joseph Phillips. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall.

MODEL DRAWING AND SHADING FROM CASTS. By T. C. Barfield. Illustrated. London: Chapman & Hall.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ROME TO THE DEATH OF AUGUSTUS. By J. Wells, M.A. Four Maps. London: Methuen & Co.

THE VICTORIA READERS. Book IV. By William J. Pope, F.G.S. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

ESSAYS ON ENGLISH HISTORY. By Lord Macaulay. (Home and School Library.) London: Blackie & Son.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOKS OF FRANCES M. BUSS. Edited by Grace Toplis, L.C.P. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

becomes the ground landlord of that part of the world the better will it be for all concerned, since the existing state of things is a disgrace to humanity. The majority of the officials of Persia appear to be unscrupulous extortioners, who drain town and village alike of their resources and live in open contempt of the most obvious laws of morality. There are illustrations in the book of considerable interest, many fresh facts about manners and customs, and an excellent map which makes plain at a glance the course of the author's bold and unconventional wanderings.

It is next to impossible—especially at this season of the year—to keep pace with the minor books in almost all departments of knowledge on which we are asked to express an opinion. Out of a number of such claimants for prompt attention we select a few, though we are well aware that most of them have little in common. There has just appeared an English version of Count Leo Tolstoi's exposition, at once mystical and practical, of "The Gospel in Brief." The present translation has been made from the latest Russian text, which contains the author's final alterations and revisions. The book is interesting because of its history and the light which it casts on one of the most fascinating personalities of modern times; but we can discover in it nothing to warrant the extravagant statements of the English preface, nor do we regard the work, ingenious and suggestive though it is, as one of permanent religious significance. "The Birth and Boyhood of Jesus" is the title of a volume of twenty vigorous and beautiful sermons by the Rev. G. F. Pentecost, D.D., which bring the appeal of the lowly beginnings of Christianity to bear—often in an ingenious way—on modern life and its social problems. Bishop Dupanloup was, without question, one of the greatest and most enlightened ecclesiastics of France in the present century. He will always be remembered in history as the tutor of the young Orleans princes, the friend of Montalembert, the priest who gave absolution on his deathbed to Talleyrand, and one of the boldest leaders of the Catholics of France of the school of Dollinger during a long term of anxious years against the growing and bitter ascendency of Ultramontanism. Bishop Dupanloup's services to religious education are too well known to need comment; and as his own work in this direction was founded upon "The Method of S. Sulpice," the present translation of that work is of more than passing interest. In spite of its rather *ad captandum* title, "How to be Happy and Make Others Happy," Herr Otto Funcke's book—a skilful translation of which has just appeared—is not a collection of platitudes. On the contrary, it is a fresh, incisive, and winning exposition of the spiritual forces which make for practical righteousness, or it might fairly be described in its author's own words as an attempt to cast the "light of ancient and eternal truth upon the things of the present time." It is a book which seems to say to the reader, "Get you up upon the high mountains, for there the sunshine lingers even when the plain is dark." Yet the book is neither morbid nor introspective, but is as full of gladness as of faith. "The Christian Endeavour Birthday-Book" is a title which explains itself. It contains in two printings of red and black texts of Scripture for each day in the year, and a brief aid to their interpretation from writers who represent every school of religious thought. Here is a sample. Under March 2nd we find: "I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done unto you." This is followed by some noble words by Dr. Alexander Maclaren: "The true use of superiority is service. *Noblesse oblige.* Rank, wealth, capacity, talents, all things are given to us that we may use them to the last particle for our fellows. Only when the world and Society have awakened to the great truth which the towel-girded, kneeling Christ has taught us, will Society be organised on the principles that God meant." The work is one which will win, in spite of many competitors, a welcome by reason of its merits. Messrs. Methuen have just added to their useful commercial series of school-books a "Manual of German Commercial Correspondence." The author, Mr. Bally, is one of the masters at the Manchester Grammar School, and he has had the assistance of the President of the Hamburg Chamber of Commerce and other business experts both at home and abroad. The book covers the ground of the syllabus of the commercial examinations set by the Society of Arts, the various County Councils, and the Universities. The specimen letters and exercises are admirable, and the book gives a real insight into mercantile correspondence with Germany. In this connection we may perhaps add a carefully-graduated "Manual of Wood-Carving" for schools and private students. The author is Mr. Joseph Phillips, a well-known instructor in wood-carving, and this exposition has been approved by the Committee of the Home Arts and Industries Association and other public authorities. A companion volume on "Model Drawing and Shading from Casts," by Mr. Barfield, art master of Hinckley Grammar School, has also reached us, and it gives in a lucid manner instructions both for elementary and advanced students. Both volumes are illustrated with diagrams, and are published at a price which brings them within the reach of young students. Messrs. Methuen send us the "Short History of Rome to the Death of Augustus," which Mr. Wells, Fellow and Tutor of Wadham, has just written for the use of schools. Mr. Wells states that the book is for boys in the fourth and fifth forms, and that it is prepared because most schoolmasters admit that hitherto there has been no satisfactory history of Rome in small compass. Unlike many school-books, this is no mere compilation, but an original work written on an original plan, and with uncommon freshness and vigour. "The Victoria Reader for Standard IV." contains an attractive group of practical lessons based on the syllabus of domestic economy as laid down in the code for pupils of that standing in the elementary schools. Messrs. Blackie have just added to their remarkably cheap School and Home Library series a selection from Lord Macaulay's "Essays on English History." It contains the great Whig historian's appreciations of Burghley, Hampden, Milton, Macintosh, and Chatham, and the movement which they either represented or recorded.

There has just been published a slim volume filled with counsels of perfection from "The Note-Books of the late Frances M. Buss," whose work as Head Mistress of the North London Collegiate School was memorable, both because of its width and depth of influence. These addresses to girls on courtesy, public spirit, family love, self-control, truthfulness, expenditure, cheerfulness, and the like, are eminently wise and helpful. It is just the book which—without any parade of moral purpose—is likely to make an abiding impression.

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